

# THE POWER OF TOLERANCE

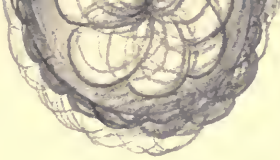
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GEORGE HARVEY



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THE POWER  
OF  
TOLERANCE

AND OTHER SPEECHES

BY  
GEORGE HARVEY



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TO  
JOSEPH PULITZER





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THE POWER OF TOLERANCE



# THE POWER OF TOLERANCE

## I

*Commencement Address to the University of Kansas,  
June 9, 1909*

**H**ISTORY is chiefly a record of battle. From the beginning strife has reddened its pages—the strife essential to physical existence, the strife requisite to mental development, the strife which cleared the way for moral growth and the gratifying of spiritual longings.

It is an appalling story, that of humankind. But from whatever viewpoint we regard creation, whether of directly divine origin or indirectly divine through natural processes, the incessant struggle plainly appears as the product, not of accident, but of design. When God set man over the beasts of the field, by that very

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act He called upon man to maintain his supremacy, if necessary, by force. When Nature evolved the primitive savage, she did not leave him to bask in the sun, but enforced upon him constant activity of mind and body to withstand the perils of the night. Such was the beginning, such has been the unbroken continuance, and such surely will be the perpetuation of the strife for life, for the life of one's self necessarily, but also for the life of others, to the end.

It is war, unceasing, everlasting war, but purposeful, predestined, inevitable, noble. Between truth and falsehood, between right and wrong, there is no middle ground. Between the earnest searching for truth and resting contentedly in the acceptance of error there can be no compromise. Strife must continue forever between the mighty opposing forces for good and evil. That in the end victory will be achieved and complete dominance be acquired by the Right we may believe, but even so, in the meantime, clearly only works can justify faith. It behooves us, then, in this changed and changing era, to look well to our weapons. Just as scores of battles have been won by the discriminating selection of cavalry or artillery or infantry to perform a specific act, just as thousands of duels have resulted favorably from the



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discreet choice of pistol or rapier, so the unending warfare on behalf of civilization must progress or be retarded as its conduct is marked by sagacity or stupidity. Consideration of the relative effectiveness of weapons is at times peculiarly imperative; it is so now.

To deny the power of bigotry would be to deny the facts of history. The superior capacity of concentration possessed by a narrow mind makes for strength. Mere persistence is one of the most potent of agencies. So the zealot has writ his name large and often upon the pages of the wonderful story of the world in which we live. His acts in many instances we of to-day can regard only with abhorrence. No savage chief has enforced decrees more barbarous than were some of the laws and customs of the kings of Israel. In the name of few, if any, religions have more crimes been committed than in that of our own.

But just as primitive man was impelled, not by instinct, but by the external necessities imposed upon him by Nature, to learn to kill that he might not perish from hunger or cold, so bigots almost invariably have been actuated by motives that were praiseworthy. Peter of Aragon undoubtedly felt that he was doing God service when he decreed that suspected heretics

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should be burned at the stake, and so paved the way for the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. Calvin believed that he was only giving reality to faith in the minds of the people when he lit the fagots at the feet of Servetus. Luther's sole purpose in hounding the German princes to massacre thousands of starving and helpless peasants was to make permanent his great work of reformation. Knox was only striking at the symbolism which he detested when he incited the mob to destroy churches and monasteries.

These were not considerate men. Their measures were harsh, violent, and, practised to-day, would be inexcusable. Fanaticism itself is inherently cruel, but how often has it proven effective when other forces were unavailing against injustice and wrong! The humanists drew back in terror from the cause which they themselves had launched before the thunderbolts of the great reformer, but Luther succeeded where Erasmus had failed, and History opened a new and brighter volume to record the broadening of Civilization and Christianity.

Such has been the strength, the power of Determination, Narrowness, Relentlessness, even Bigotry. But the resolute spirits thus actuated depended for success, not upon themselves or

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their methods, but upon their cause, which almost invariably was revolt against infinitely worse intolerance than they themselves did manifest. They were the product of conditions, the creatures of environment, the slaves of necessity. Their spears were forged to beat down the like weapons of the enemy. The work they did constituted a requisite step in the unceasing struggle for life, life no longer in the sense of mere physical existence, but in the higher phase of mental development and moral emancipation. Its effectiveness we cannot question. But its methods we need not and should not emulate, its weapons we need not and should not employ, if others more potent in another and better era can be devised. Is not that the precise situation, the most vital question which confronts us of this new land in this new day of universal education and liberated conscience? And does not a peculiar responsibility devolve upon a nation whose country was discovered simultaneously with the dawn of the new era, whose very life sprang from the same spirit of revolt against tyranny and superstition, and whose eminence among states has already become so great as to almost insure its ultimate primacy among the nations of the earth?

For many thousand years this land, the most

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fertile and productive in the world, had lain fallow and unknown to civilized peoples when at last it met the gaze of Columbus. Is it not possible that the time of its discovery was a fixity from the beginning in the curious mechanism of constructive development of the human race? The background surely was complete, perfect. As we have seen, thralldom of mind and conscience had been broken by the zealots whose deeds mark the beginning of modern history. Oppressed beings throughout the world felt the impulse, the passion for liberty. The electricity of freedom was in the air. Sects, communities, even peoples, became restive under conditions at home which were regarded as unchangeable. Eyes turned to this virgin field and gleamed with the light of hope and prospective happiness. And yet, it required the intolerance of England to drive from her borders to Plymouth Rock the men whose dauntless spirit became the heart of the Republic and still, let us hope and believe, exercises sufficient control to shape its destiny. From that psychological moment in the building of civilization, pages of history were written with incredible rapidity. Again and quickly intolerance played well its part and compelled the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, to be followed

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by the War of the Revolution and the definite establishment of the rights of men as men and not as vassals. And when the time came to lay the cornerstone of the mighty nation of to-day, how significant, how prescient was the work of the Fathers! There in Philadelphia were gathered together from all sections of the country Puritans, Cavaliers, Quakers, atheists—all men of strong conviction and signal determination. But never for an instant in that momentous discussion did there appear the specter of religious bigotry which from the beginning of the world had disrupted nations, wrecked communities and broken families. A new force had arisen. A new king was born. The adoption of the Constitution signalized the crowning of Tolerance. The greatest glory of any people was inscribed in these imperishable words:

“Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.”

There was the crux of human liberty, there shone the noonday sun from whose face the clouds of the Middle Ages had been swept away, there flashed the spirit of freedom from which

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is now springing governments by the people from the land of the Spaniard to the home of Mahomet, but underneath and upholding all was and is the one great overpowering fact that there, for the first time in the history of the world, Tolerance was written into the fundamental law of a land guided, guarded, and inspired by Christian faith.

To make way for ideals it is necessary to shatter idols. And one by one idols have fallen. Simultaneously with the separation of Church and State disappeared taxation without representation. Followed slavery into mere hateful recollection. Arose a keen sense of protective forbearance toward weaker neighbors. Grows by leaps and bounds the movement against the most flagrant injustice of all, imbedded in discrimination, on account of sex alone, between humans possessing alike brains to think, hearts to feel, and souls to be saved. All through Tolerance. The mighty wrench of civil war has disappeared before common recognition of the fact that the conflict was inevitably essential to the maintenance of free institutions. The seating of a President believed by millions to have been defeated was accomplished quietly by a court of arbitration. In all essentials the people have continued steadfast to the spirit and

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the letter of the one great principle which, engrafted immediately upon their fundamental law, marked the inauguration of a new power in Christendom—the Power of Tolerance.

What of the results? Contrast existing conditions, and what do we find? In France, peace and prosperity threatened by paternalism and socialism. In Russia, millions of peasants hungering for liberty still sweating and starving under reactionism. In Spain, where to this day none but the Church of the State may erect an edifice of ecclesiastical design, poverty, dejection, threatening anarchy. In Turkey, at last a ray of light, which soon, alas! may fade. In Germany and England, at painful variance with the trend of civilization, a plain reversion to barbarism, through ostentatious preparations for war and carnage. In America, unprecedented material welfare, constant moral and spiritual upbuilding and, as an inevitable consequence, an ever-widening, ever-deepening influence. The foremost of recent historians died in the belief that ere long the United States would “stretch from pole to pole,” and ultimately realize the poet’s vision of “a parliament of men and the federation of the world.”

Whether or not we ourselves share that opinion, are we not in duty bound to recognize the

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possibility? And if so, how much wider immediately becomes our horizon, how much more vital our acts, how much greater our responsibility! Patriotism assumes a new form. It ceases to be fealty to State or even nation; it becomes an obligation to Christendom, an incentive to the service of all humanity. Because we hate war it no longer suffices to exercise the forbearance which happily we always have displayed toward others. By precept and example we must inculcate the love of peace throughout the world. That God and Nature intended that we should do so is clearly evidenced by physical conditions. Environment plays a leading if not indeed a controlling part in the development of man. Primarily all countries comprised broadly three distinct regions—a maritime region, an agricultural region and a pastoral region—and the characteristics of the people are determined by the requirements of their location. The resident of the belt along the shore, pursuing the line of least resistance in seeking sustenance, becomes a fisherman, and that occupation being notably precarious, he grows to be hardy, resolute, bold, disdainful of danger. The shepherd of the hills, too, being charged with the protection of his flock, acquires a warring disposition and, breathing an atmosphere of loneliness;



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grows moody and imaginative. It is the inhabitant of the plains who becomes domestic, tranquil, a lover of peace. Therein is found the chief distinctiveness of our land. The great commercial cities of our seaboards are peopled by millions whose natural attitude is that of defiance and too often of truculence; from the hills the first bugle-note tempts those whose manner of life has made them eager for fray; on the plains men instinctively think before acting, counsel precedes rash undertaking, the cost is reckoned, the family is of first consideration. Once enlisted in response to the call of duty, they are invincible because of the very sobriety out of which their determination has sprung; but they engage in conflict not lightly and never willingly except in defense of principle, life, or property. To-day in France it is the peasantry, not Paris, that forbids the building of a huge navy in frenzied competition with Great Britain and Germany. So in our own country, despite the vaunted influence of our cities and the restiveness among the hills, the seat of real power is the vast plain stretching from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. Here is the productiveness which is the source of wealth and prosperity; here is the independence of individualism transplanted from New

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England; here is or should be the inherent desire for peace controlling our national policy.

Can any one, least of all any one born and bred amid such surroundings, doubt that this instinct, as a guide, is safe, that the authority thus conferred by Nature may be exercised to the great gain of civilization? Because history is chiefly a record of battle, must it forever be? Physical warfare is not the strife decreed by the Creator. The strength of a country is not measured by armies and navies. Intelligence, character, conscience constitute the true bulwarks of national welfare. The school-house at the corners is more potent ultimately than a "Dreadnought" of the seas. The little church on the hill is worth a score of regiments. Success in agriculture, commerce, and manufacture presages certain triumph in war if the cause be just. During the scores of years when foreign peoples looked covetously upon our rich inheritance and realized the apparent weakness of possible resistance, none ventured to land upon these shores. Think you one would do so now when we are strong—aye, stronger in ultimate resources than any one or two or three foreign powers? Is it conceivable that in these days of enlightenment a ruler, much less a people, would invite the overwhelming reprisal

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which would surely ensue from an unwarranted attack upon or temporary victory over any portion of territory shielded by our flag? We need no mighty fleets, no great armies for or against foreign enterprises—only schools and churches, as of old, for the elevation of our citizens and the uplifting of oppressed human beings seeking the shelter of freedom. Such, the Fathers of the Republic and our fathers believed, was the true and holy mission of this new people under the protection of the Pilgrims' God! Let us not now be led astray in worship of idols which demand for their sacrifice the life-blood of nations. Rather let us continue steadfast in the purposes, the ideals, the faith of our ancestors, and not only stand firm for peace, but by practice and example discourage the building by others of great armaments which constitute a constant temptation to war.

But it is not my purpose to deal with specific problems which confront us now or may demand solution in the future. It is rather to present for consideration certain reflections deduced from a study of the past concerning the relative efficiency of methods which may be utilized. If it be true, as it surely is, that the strength of purposeful narrowness began to fade under the illuminating rays of forbearance with

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the inauguration of a new era, then clearly the supplanting force is one to be cherished, not only in our relations with other people, but among ourselves. No argument need be made to prove that solidarity is a first requisite of national influence. The indissoluble union finally established by force of arms affords living evidence of America's definite and irrevocable recognition of the statement as a fact.

But it is not a mere political Union that is essential to this solidarity before the world. There must be a Union of purpose, a Union of ideals, a Union of hearts, if the highest and noblest aspirations are to be realized. And this can be effected only through the exercise of the power of Tolerance. How this force can be wielded is indicated by experience as recounted by History. We have already noted the effect of environment in the shaping of primitive man and the building of the various segments of the human race. To-day, despite the partial elimination of distances through the amazing discoveries and inventions of recent years, it is still an influence of magnitude to be reckoned with and regarded with considerate thought. Because a member of a financial community places commercial stability above other considerations, it does not follow that he is an

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enemy of his country. Because a resident of the seaboard, unduly apprehensive of foreign invasion, deplures immigration and incites aggressive resistance to it, we have no right to assume that his motives are unworthy. Because, as many of us believe, manufacturers demand excessive protection; or because tillers of the soil, regarding themselves, wrongfully to some minds, as consumers rather than as producers would abolish custom-houses, because poverty insists that wealth should bear the main cost of maintaining government, because wealth would, and, as many of us believe, does, place an unequal and consequently unfair burden of taxation upon poverty, the actuating motives need not necessarily be condemned as wholly base. The true cause often lies, not in lack of patriotic impulse, but in that instinct for ascendancy whose manifestations, however distasteful in concrete instances, make, as a rule, for individual achievement.

Obviously the environment or condition which gives rise to such feeling deserves the consideration of fair minds. And while detecting the beams in the eyes of our neighbor, surely no harm can result from searching for possible motes in our own. Neither, we may rest assured, can be removed by common objurgation

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or by wilful misinterpretation of purpose. Reason affords the only resource, and Reason is not only dependent for its very exercise upon forbearant consideration, but is in practice necessarily Tolerance itself. And just as we cannot hope to convince an individual by impugning his veracity, but may induce him to acknowledge his error through presentation of evidence, so only through acquaintanceship and respectful consideration of the needs, no less than the attitude of a community, can the harmony essential to true unity be attained.

Often the statement is made that some section of our country is provincial, and so perhaps it may be. But there is no justification for stating the fact as an accusation. A community is only a small aggregation of individuals affected by the same conditions, subject to like influences, charged with conserving identical interests. And all individuals are and should be provincial in the common sense of the term. Else they willingly bury themselves in the morass of socialism and deny to themselves the glory of personal accomplishment.

This is not the spirit which merits deprecation. Far from it. This *is* the spirit, the true spirit of individualism which has made America great. It is the refusal to grant an equal

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right of self-thinking and self-striving to others, whether the others be communities or individuals, that is baneful, contrary to the theory of our institutions, destructive of personal liberty, and a bar in the path of progress whose setting would have been fitting in the long night of medieval bigotry, but has no place in this new day of mutual forbearance.

The conclusions then are these: that, in conformity with a fixed law of the unceasing development of the human race, Tolerance has supplanted its antithesis as an actual force; that the beginning of its supremacy was coincident with the discovery of America; that here it received its first national recognition in formal and absolute separation of Church and State; that older countries have been and are being stirred to emulation; that, consequently, a peculiar responsibility devolves upon our people not only to maintain, but to enhance the new and better and higher power among men; and, finally, that we cannot hope to fulfil our mission unless we accord it supremacy among ourselves—among ourselves, not only as individuals, but as communities, as sections, as North, East, South, and West, holding fast to faith in the integrity and well-meaning of one another so long as the last vestige of

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uprightness and of patriotism shall be manifest.

In marshaling the facts from which to make these deductions, I have drawn largely upon the record of the past, upon that surest and safest of guides, experience. The present I have touched upon lightly because I feel that in recent years we have concentrated our thoughts too sharply upon what is and have accorded too little consideration to what has been and what may be.

Remains the future. To those of yesterday be their due, to us of to-day is left hardly more than consciousness of passing; it is you of to-morrow who hold our thoughts and bear our hopes. I have spoken only to your minds. By simple reasoning I have tried to make clear a vital truth. Whether more is within my province I cannot say. But no one who loves his country could stand in this presence and look into your eyes and realize that you represent so many, many thousands like yourselves in all parts of our land about to go forth to take up the burdens and responsibilities and meet with the joys and sorrows of life, without longing for the magic wand of appeal with which to reach and touch the nobility of soul contained within every human breast. Tolerance the most potent



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material agency? Yes, as we have seen. But how much more does it stand for! How much better, higher, finer, is the aspiration to which it tends! Do you know that there is only one quality that distinguishes Christianity from a score of other religions? Other religions require faith of one kind or another; other religions inspire hope; but Christianity puts the seal of its supreme approval upon Charity, greater than either—not the charity of giving, but of forbearance, of tolerance, of the brotherhood of man! Here is the foundation, the very cornerstone of all of our ideals. Ignore it and you drown in the sea of confusion. Despise it and you adopt distrust of all things, human and divine. Forsake it and you bury conscience and love and all of the sweetness of life. Refuse to see it and a cloud sweeps across your vision and hides in darkness the sun of inspiration to do for others what you would have them to do for you and those you love. You may not understand, but you *may* believe that:

“What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,  
And the end He knoweth;  
And not in a blind and aimless way  
The spirit goeth.”

The spirit; yes, the spirit of forbearance that

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goeth to make the world akin by inducing God's children, if not to love, at least to be patient with one another. Such is the now-living power and the never-dying glory of Tolerance.

## II

### THE SOLDIERS OF TWO REPUBLICS

*Memorial Day Address at St. Johnsbury, Vt.,  
May 30, 1907*

**T**IME has evolved two great typical republics, one Christian, one Pagan—America and Rome, the living and the dead. History records in letters of blood the struggles of both as Nations. Temperament and custom united in fixing their respective modes of glorifying their heroic sons. How striking is the contrast—how significant of the marvelous change wrought by God in the uplifting of His people during the centuries that have passed!

A short month ago I stood over the splendid plaza, now buried in ruin, to which the Roman conquerors were wont to return in triumph from their successful wars. To the eye of the mind the picture was complete, magnificent: the conqueror riding in state, the captured generals chained to his chariot wheels and

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dragged stumbling and bleeding over the cruel pavement; following, the victorious legions laden with spoils, banners flying, trumpets sounding, amid the wild plaudits of a ravenous multitude. One could almost hear the shrieks of joy, the barbaric shouts of delight over the trophies won by Roman arms from weaker peoples. One could imagine the scenes of revelry ensuing; the frightful contests between captured gladiators and the hundreds of wild beasts engaged in caverns through which one still shudderingly wanders, the remorseless turning of thumbs to demand the death of the athletes who were forced to give their lives to make festivity for the turbulent populace, the orgies of drink and lust continuing till day should break and the hundreds of thousands should sink into sleep from sheer exhaustion.

Such were the tributes paid by the Pagan republic to conquerors in war—grand, impressive, inspiring in the only sense then known of men! But whose was the glory, whose the victory, whose the reward? Was ever a monument builded in the Eternal City to the countless thousands who fought and won the battles? No. *Their* compensation was a meager portion of the spoils. Was ever a wreath of flowers placed reverently upon the grave of a common

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soldier in token of appreciation of the sacrifice he had made of self and loved ones? No. The pæans were for the General. The victory was his. The revelry was for him and the heedless, heartless mob, gorgeous in seeming, but, oh, how sordid and wretched and shameful in reality!

Contrast such a spectacle with the touching scene we have but now beheld in yonder peaceful cemetery! There we celebrated no war of conquest, we rejoiced over no spoliation of defenseless men, women and children, we placed no laurel upon the brow, in the flesh or in graven stone, of an insatiable conqueror! We recalled no clanking of chains upon the ankles of the vanquished chiefs. Rather came to our memories the beautiful episode at Appomattox, and almost we could and can now see the gentle Grant placing back in the hands of his defeated opponent the precious sword which the knightly Lee had surrendered that no more lives should be sacrificed needlessly. But dear as is the recollection of our great generals, to-day's flowers are not for them alone; they are also for the Christian soldiers of the mighty Christian Republic, the earnest men and youths who went forth from this peaceful community, not in joy of opportunity, but in sadness of heart, responding to duty's demand that they offer

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their lives that we as a Nation should continue united and therefore free.

If ever devotion to country was pure and undefiled, such was the patriotism of '61 no less than of '76. Never was there so great a war as ours; never one so noble! It was an army of volunteers from the North; it was an army of volunteers from the South. Neither you men nor those whom you opposed fought for hire. You believed you were in the right, and so you were, as all now admit; but let us never forget that they also thought they were in the right—and the many have paid in full the stupendous penalty of the frightful error of a few.

Some fought to save the Union, some to break the shackles of slavery, some doubtless were animated by prejudice and sectional spirit. But underneath all was an impulse more vital than any or all of these. It was in no true sense revolt against restrictions imposed by technical statutes which had resulted in the infliction of outrages upon humanity. It was not opposed to the Anglo-Saxon theory that liberty must be "under the law." It was a new interpretation of freedom—not the partial freedom of popular government, but the complete freedom which forbids the subordination of conscience to any

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other impelling force, whether of law or of passion. And its embodiment in the heart of our theory of government was essential to the maintenance of American institutions. The cost could not be reckoned then, could only be estimated now; but, however colossal the cost, who would venture to doubt that the result achieved was infinitely greater, and that never since could the price have been so small in men or money. In the only possible manner, by force of arms, the problem was solved, the question settled for all time. No longer need a Webster cry out for "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." That condition we have; that they and you won to their and your everlasting glory, and time has so completely justified the achievement that no man in this great land, North or South, now would have it otherwise. Whatever be our future problems, our future trials, we have at least the advantage and the satisfaction of facing them resolutely as a truly united Nation—united not in name alone, but in heart and purpose and determination to prove the wisdom of God in setting up in this new land, as an example for all the world, "a government of, for, and by the people."

It is fitting that on this day dedicated to

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loving memory and patriotic impulse we should take account of the present and the future no less than of the past. To what end were the momentous sacrifices of the Civil War if we of to-day fail to bear the ark of the covenant of human liberty safely to those of to-morrow? Let us, then, consider thoughtfully, patiently, tolerantly one another's opinions regarding conditions of to-day so pregnant with possibilities of progress or retrogression, even perhaps of success or failure! The magnitude of the task now confronting the citizens of the Republic is hardly more comprehensible to the human mind than the idea of eternity itself. Think of it! When Washington took command of the American troops the entire population numbered three millions; when Lincoln called for volunteers, thirty-one millions; to-day, ninety millions and nine millions of dependents. Another half-century and more than two hundred millions of human beings will be gathered under the Stars and Stripes on this continent alone. It is a critical period. If the next fifty years pass in peace, leaving undisturbed the rights of people to govern themselves in the communities in which they live, who can doubt that the problem of the everlasting future will have been solved, and that in very truth the millennial state of the whole human race will



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have begun to be realized upon the hemisphere which already in a few hundred years has given to man a fuller and freer opportunity to become worthy of the image in which he was created than had been afforded previously in sixty centuries?

Inevitably clouds gather as the power and responsibility of a Nation increase, and it is idle to deny that at this moment thoughtful men view with no little apprehension the growth of certain popular impulses which tend toward uncertainty and instability. Unrecognized socialism, disguised in pleasing garb, has become for the time a stumbling-block in the path of that marvelous progress, so far achieved by that combination of individualism and bold initiative which we proudly term the American spirit. Much yet remains to be done to meet the requirements of National conditions already greatly changed and likely to vary with increasing rapidity as our numbers multiply or grow by leaps and bounds. The Nation is welded politically, but not commercially and financially, as soon it must be more firmly if we would fitly fulfil our destiny. The problem is more difficult, more complicated to-day than ever before. Adjustment of the delicate relationship of local government to National authority at their multifarious points of contact was com-

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paratively easy when communities were segregated by retarded communication. Not so now. Every day makes fresh demand upon the ingenuity of the makers and interpreters of our law to keep true the balance which constitutes the basis of our republican theory. Nearly every modern invention tends to annihilate space and so to knit the masses more and more closely together, and render their constituent parts more and more independent. How would those men who, we have been taught, were endowed with exceptional sagacity, the Fathers of the Republic, meet the situation if alive today? We cannot believe that they would insist upon rigid adherence to methods once sufficient but now become inadequate. They were not narrow minds. They saw far and clearly—so far and so clearly that when they created a constitution they built it upon a principle that compels the making of haste slowly when an eager people might perchance try to do in a month what, history teaches, years are required to accomplish. Can we do more wisely than abide by the dictates of that foresight of the Fathers which thus far has never failed and, in making necessary changes, move slowly, cautiously, and sagely as may be along the new and unbeaten paths?

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My friends, we have placed the wreaths of spring upon the graves of our heroic dead; it is now our privilege to pay homage to those who yet live on—survivors of the great war for unity, for freedom, for stability of government, for peace among men.

Incredible it seems, as we look into the faces of so many scions of hardy stock still active in mind, body, and patriotic impulse, that nearly half a century has glided by since they and their comrades in yonder cemetery gave to their country not only themselves but the peace and happiness of those whom, left in sorrow and solicitude at home, they loved better than themselves. Through the mist of years we behold the vision of that dread time. We feel the tense apprehension that preceded the bolt. We breathe the atmosphere of foreboding that dimmed the light of eyes and veiled with gloom the countenances which so long had shone with the happiness of personal liberty and common prosperity. From the enveloping clouds we see the lightning flash, and hear the thunder echo from Sumter to every nook and corner of the land. No need to interpret the shock. In this peaceful community, no less clearly than in the capitals and cities, the message was understood. It was death for the individual or

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death for the Nation. And how splendid the response! We see the grim determination stamped upon the faces of those who awaited impatiently the word of their great chief. We note the eagerness in their eyes, the clenching of their hands, reflecting not the lust of battle, but the love of country. And then the call for volunteers! Could we have but stood on this spot on that quiet evening, we would have heard no blare of trumpets, no beating of drums, no fervid oratory; not a sound louder than would have reached our ears last night or will again to-night; but we would have seen men, first one, then another, emerge from their homes and pass silently along or across this familiar street to the room where they might pledge their lives and sacred honor to the maintenance of the Union and the glory of civilization.

Before our retrospective vision picture after picture appears to complete the panorama. We are cognizant of the bustle of preparation; the hasty grouping of individuals into tentative organization; we now hear the drum and bugle; excitement and confusion are welcomed to assuage grief; but the hour of parting is inevitable and comes all too soon. How many of you veterans here, how many of those there, recall that saddest moment in life when, with choking throats, you

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tried in vain to say good-by and, turning, took a last lingering look at the weeping wives and daughters, and the dry-eyed, bravely smiling mothers striving with all the courage of a reticent race to fill your hearts with strength and hope and conceal the bleeding of their own? What knew you, or what can men know, of heroism? Deeds are but natural consequences of circumstance, environment, necessity. Suffering springs from helpless waiting. All that you did, that they yonder did, that all the great armies of men did in that awful war would weigh but as a feather in the balance against the anguish of those left behind to hope and fear and constant dread. Could the graves of all who gave their lives or happiness to their Nation be decorated this day, how many more would be those of America's noble women! But no! The wife's sacrifice is too great to find requital; the mother's love is sacred to her own. The freshest of flowers betokening our most grateful recognition would wither and die beneath the smiles of Heaven bestowed as rays of sunshine upon those tender memories.

All honor, then, to you veterans of the great war who still live; and to those who have died, peace everlasting!

### III

#### CONSERVE COMMON SENSE<sup>1</sup>

*To the Fish and Game League of Vermont, August  
15, 1910.*

THE greatest Senator of his time or of any time in the history of this Republic rose slowly and somewhat heavily to his feet and addressed the presiding officer. Not a chair on the floor was vacant. The gallery was filled. The speaker was in the prime of his intellectual vigor and at the zenith of his fame. The subject was one which now, though paramount in importance, would be considered dull. It was the Value of Credit. Economists had apostrophized it, philosophers had analyzed it, agitators had derided it. But now a statesman of the widest vision, incited by ardent desire to augment the stability of American institutions, was to expatiate upon it and to exemplify it from a wealth of knowledge and imagery. He yet recalled the time when, in "an exulting

<sup>1</sup>From *The North American Review*, September, 1910.

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speech," he had spoken of his country as "consisting of nine millions of people." He could hardly persuade himself that within the short time which had elapsed since that epoch our population had doubled. He knew no imagination fertile enough to depict the progress of wealth and population in the half-century to come. There was, then, the greater need of laying firm the foundations of material advancement, to the end that succeeding generations should not suffer from the short-sightedness or laxity of their progenitors.

What, then, was credit? To his mind, the link connecting Labor and Capital, "not as the refuge of the prodigal and the reckless; not as gratifying present wants with the certainty of future absolute ruin; but as the genius of honorable trust and confidence; as the blessing voluntarily offered to good character and to good conduct; as the beneficent agent which assists honesty and enterprise in obtaining comfort and independence."

Taken away, what would remain? Not to the few, but to the many? What for labor and industry but mere manual toil and daily drudgery? If capital be withdrawn from active employment, does not the rate of wages diminish? When credit shall be abolished and labor be

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divorced from capital, will not capital be hoarded and labor starve?

"The general doctrine of political economy," continued the speaker slowly and without emphasis,

"is, that wealth consists in whatever is useful or convenient to man, and that labor is the producing cause of all this wealth. This is very true. But, then, what is labor? In the sense of political writers, and in common language, it means human industry; in a philosophical view, it may receive a much more comprehensive meaning. It is not, in that view, human toil only, the mere action of thews and muscles; but it is any active agency which, working upon the materials with which the world is supplied, brings forth products useful or convenient to man. The materials of wealth are in the earth, in the seas and in their natural and unaided productions. Labor obtains these materials, works upon them and fashions them to human use. Now it has been the object of scientific art, or of the application of science to art, to increase this active agency, to augment its power, by creating millions of laborers in the form of machines all but automatic, all to be diligently employed and kept at work by the force of natural powers. To this end these natural powers, principally those of steam and falling water, are subsidized and taken into human employment. Spinning-machines, power looms and all the mechanical devices, acting, among other operatives, in the factories and workshops, are but so many laborers. They are usually denominated *labor-saving* machines, but it would be more just to call them *labor-doing* machines. They are made to be active agents; to have motion, and to produce effect; and though without intelligence, they are guided by laws of science



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which are exact and perfect, and they produce results, therefore, in general, more accurate than the human hand is capable of producing. When we look upon one of these, we behold a mute fellow-laborer, of immense power, of mathematical exactness, and of ever-during and unwearied effort. And while he is thus a most skilful and productive laborer, he is a non-consumer, at least beyond the wants of his mechanical being. . . . It is these automatic allies and co-operators, and these powers of Nature, thus employed and placed under human direction, which have come, with such prodigious effect to man's aid, in the great business of procuring the means of living, of comfort and of wealth, and which have so swollen the products of her skilful industry."

The speaker paused. He had enunciated his hypothesis with notable lucidity. Results were yet to be reckoned with. He asked his hearers to look at the statistics and see the effect of labor, united with and acting upon capital. He asked them to look yet again and behold credit, mutual trust, prompt and punctual dealings, and commercial confidence intermingled as indispensable elements in the general system. "Look yet once more," he added, with greater emphasis, "and you will perceive that general competence, great equality in human condition, a degree of popular knowledge and intelligence nowhere surpassed, if anywhere equaled, the prevalence of good moral sentiment and extraordinary prosperity are the re-

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sult of the whole." Such he declared to be the state of things actually existing in the country.

Then the statesman became the orator. His voice rose in indignant rebuke, quivered in impassioned utterance.

"And yet," he thundered, scornfully, "there are persons who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation, and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations, and all the means by which small capitals become united, in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke up the fountains of industry, and dry all its streams.

"In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else, they rend the air with the shouting of agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond all parallel, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave. Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing, sir, but to enjoy the fruits of

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other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles, and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society. A licentiousness of feeling and of action is sometimes produced by prosperity itself. Men cannot always resist the temptation to which they are exposed by the very abundance of the bounties of Providence, and the very happiness of their own condition."

So spoke Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States, seventy-eight years ago. True words they doubtless were then; true words they surely would be, if uttered now. Unquestionably a spirit of unrest dominates the land. But, if it be true that fundamentally the condition of the country is sound, must we necessarily succumb to despondency, abandon effort looking to retrieval and cringe like cravens before clouds that only threaten? Rather ought not we to analyze conditions, search for causes, find the root of the distress, which even now exists only in men's minds, and then, after the American fashion, apply such remedies as seem most likely to produce beneficent results?

What, then, is the matter with the United States? The government still lives and is well administered. The Constitution continues to

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be upheld by our chief tribunal as the bulwark of human liberties. Freedom of worship of God and freedom of schools for succeeding generations are inviolate still. Poverty is rare. Physical suffering that could possibly be alleviated by action of the State is not observable. Never before in the history of the world has so great a nation as our Nation been so signally blessed with respect to all things that subserve the happiness, the contentment and the opportunity of its citizens. And yet it is true that for the time the business of a mighty commercial country is, in a comparative sense, at a standstill, development of natural resources has practically ceased, essential confidence among groups or classes is seriously impaired, and the very air is laden with apprehension of startling and grievous happenings.

Why? What are the bases of these strange forebodings? About what conceptions, real or imaginary, gather the clouds of distrust and anxiety? The tangible fears may be summarized briefly as follows:

- (1) Apprehension of war.
- (2) Oppression of the poor by the rich.
- (3) The tariff and the trusts.
- (4) Common extravagance.
- (5) The disestablishment of credit.
- (6) Effects of popular agitation.
- (7) The undermining of our political institutions.

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A notable array surely! One, too, if founded upon reality, sufficient to give rise to solicitude. But is there anything that is new or strange to our country or to any country from the beginning of history? Take the causes of disquietude as enumerated.

### (1) Apprehension of war.

Herein we find nothing unprecedented. We have had not only anticipations of wars, but wars themselves, from the day when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The Republic was born of strife and was christened in the ashes of conflict. Itself was welded together as a Nation by the most interneciary struggle the world has ever beheld. But recently a once great foreign Power made itself the laughing-stock of the world by testing its decayed prowess against this Titan among nations. What ensued in each and every case? Only a tightening of the bonds of unity; only a quickening and strengthening of patriotic impulse. The wheels of progress were never clogged, hardly impeded. Why, then, borrow trouble now? Is the Nation less able to withstand the impact of a blow to-day than at any time since it sprang into being? And what are the tokens of danger? Universally, war with Great Britain is regarded as im-

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possible, with France as a negligible consideration, with Germany, a sane and practical commonwealth, as an idle fancy, with Russia as a contingency too remote even for use in fiction.

Remains Japan. At regular intervals fervid imaginations conjure up the specter of the East. But thoughtful minds inquire: What could our neighbor hope to gain from a success which, at best, could be but temporary? Prestige? Glory? These she has, if not in abundance, at least in adequacy. Additional territory or material possessions which she could not hope to retain? Then the Japanese are fools. Have they indicated as much? Rather not have they demonstrated by every word and deed a capacity of judgment, even of forbearance, such as would reflect credit upon the most sober of Anglo-Saxons? Wanton assaults are not often adventured by the less strong upon the obviously unconquerable unless they be insane. And Japan is not a madhouse. Nor are Japan's statesmen unaware of the fact that the chief hope of every European nation is to find an opportunity to become an ally of the United States. They know full well, though some of our own amateur alarmists may not, that Britain, of all Powers, would never open such a door to dreaded Germany by lending aid to a declared

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foe of America. War itself, when forced upon us, we have always been able to engage in and emerge from without discredit. Apprehension of war at a time like this, when civilization is moving steadily toward establishment of peace throughout the world, is no more than an anachronistic bugaboo. So long as the Union continues to be a union in fact as well as in name and maintains its traditional policy of non-interference in the affairs of others, it will be immune to plagues from without. Our real perils are only those which spring from within.

- (2) Oppression of the poor by the rich.
- (3) The tariff and the trusts.

The two, in the public mind, are intertwined, and should be. There is no direct oppression of the poor by the rich. For the first time in the progress of civilization this can be said with truth. History from the beginning of governments to the beginning of the Republic is a seamy record of tyranny of the strong, the rich, the powerful. To this day, in nearly all lands except our own, real dominance is exercised openly by a class. In Russia autocracy still rules; in Germany monarchy "bequeathed by God" still has the final word; in Italy, the nobility; in England, the aristocracy; in Spain, but

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yesterday, the Church; even in France, clearly a class, the socialists, hold the balance of power. Here we find no such ascendancy. The individual is still his own master at the polls and in his home. Serfdom is no more. Personal service is not synonymous with political servitude. Ours is still the land of the free; and whatever differences exist respecting the powers of governance relate chiefly, on the one hand, to restriction of suffrage and, on the other, to the elimination of sex qualification. Neither project involves revolution. Each seeks consideration upon the ground of policy, despite the insistence, in the second instance, of inherent right. Could the Fathers have been assured of so happy a condition among ninety millions of people, can we doubt that they would have felt far more confident than they did feel that the foundations they were laying with such care and foresight as were within their power to exercise would prove indeed everlasting? Assuredly there is no visible breach in the wall of government of and by the people.

But we are told that a privileged class has grown up under the rose, that mere wealth wields undue influence in legislation, that the few fatten upon the many, that monopoly safeguarded by law holds individualism in check,



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that excessive tariffs no longer tend to develop industries, but are become no more or less than evasive taxes, that obnoxious and detrimental Trusts thrive upon advantages thereby obtained. Undoubtedly, to a great extent, these assertions are true. But, in the light of history, was it not inevitable that a period of amazing development should be dappled by such accompaniments? All great forward movements have been attended by corresponding ills. But because a child has the measles the parent does not kill the child. He seeks to eradicate the disease by the use of remedies suggested by others more experienced than himself, in whose fidelity and judgment he reposes faith. But in him, the parent, lies the authority and responsibility of discriminating between the physician and the quack.

So it is with the American people to-day. As we have seen, they still have the power. Theirs also is the responsibility. Are signs visible that they are evading it? Rather the reverse. Neither of the great political parties is unified in proposing remedies. One apparently is rent in twain. But in that fact lies no cause of alarm. The true significance is to the highest degree encouraging. That great problems cannot be resolved in a day, a month, or a year, is a patent truth that demands recognition. But vastly

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more important is the certainty that, in this country, they cannot be resolved at all except through the application of the best intelligence of all the people.

Hence the hopefulness in the obvious awakening of minds throughout the land. Already we perceive a growing demand for more competent representation in Congress, for higher standards of fitness in all public officials, for closer attention to public duties, for greater efficiency in every direction. This can only mean that acts of those in temporary authority will be more sharply scrutinized and that the people themselves, in order to pass discerning criticism, will attain better understanding. Surely, when we consider further that independence and fairness of judgment are the offspring, if not, indeed, essential concomitants, of intelligence, we can find in this arousal no cause of misgiving; rather, springs of hope and faith in all that pertains to progress and civilization.

### (4) Common extravagance.

Profligacy caused the downfall of the Roman Empire. Prudence builded England. And we of America are of Angle, not of Latin, stock. By inheritance, then, we are provident as well as thrifty. Our ancestors surely were. To

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their minds waste was a crime. Frugality was a cardinal principle of their living, but not from choice; from necessity. Had they possessed the means of providing comforts for their families such as now exist, is there reason to doubt that those resources would have been utilized, and to advantage? Moreover, is it not a fact that the luxuries of one epoch become positive requirements of another? Money expended in safeguarding health and strengthening the body is not wasted. Good roads constitute investment, not dissipation. The telephone is not a worthless toy. The motor-car is more than a mere vehicle of pleasure. Both are savers of time and doers of labor. Each, too, serves a highly desirable purpose in facilitating that intercourse among individuals which tends to strengthen a community by gratifying gregarious instincts.

Public extravagance? Yes. Governments in recent years have displayed woeful disregard of pecuniary responsibility. But is this tendency, however lamentable, more than a phase of rapid growth? And if it be true that the people are becoming so fully awakened to conditions that, in some sections, they regard even the tariff, which is only a tax, as a moral issue, is there not evidence that the phase is passing? The present

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National Administration is bending its best energies to effect economies. The chief battle-cry of the opposition is retrenchment. What can this mean if not recognition of the ebbing of the tide of prodigality? Are not such symptoms favorable and full of pleasing expectancy?

### (5) The disestablishment of credit.

Here we find the most obvious cause of prevailing depression. The link that connects Labor with Capital is not broken, but we may not deny that it is less cohesive than it should be or than conditions warrant. Financially, the country is stronger than ever before in its history. Recovery from a panic so severe as that of three years ago was never before so prompt and comparatively complete. The masses are practically free from debt. Money is held by the banks in abundance and rates are low. And our currency is sound as gold because gold is its basis.

Why, then, does Capital pause upon the threshold of investment? The answer we believe to be plain. It awaits adjustment of the relations of government to business. Such, at any rate, is the plea, and pressure is constantly brought to bear upon executives and courts to make haste—haste which, in our judgment,

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would result in less speed. Great complications growing out of mightily changed conditions call for the most serious consideration. To settle a grave question offhand is only to invite disaster. Better not settle it at all until a reasonable certainty can be felt that it can be settled right. Stability is ever Capital's primary requirement. But the adjustment which it now demands cannot be effected in a month or a year and never can or should be complete. Elasticity is the prime requisite of changes essential to development.

But Capital is notoriously timid. In the present instance, too, it is absurdly foolish. No decision of any court can permanently impair any so-called vested interest. Confiscation is undreamed of, as compared with only a few years ago. The disintegration of properties does not involve their destruction. Moreover, the sharp revolt against all combinations—those that achieve great good, no less than those that work injury—is clearly yielding to study and reason. No sane person now maintains that business—especially manufacturing—can or should be done as it was done half a century ago. In a broad sense, the day of the individual competitor is past, but the opportunity of the individual remains even wider within the cor-

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poration. The sole problem consists of determining how government can maintain an even balance between aggregations of interests, on the one hand, and the whole people, on the other, protecting the latter against extortion and saving the former from mad assaults.

The solution is not easy to find, for the simple reason that the situation is without precedent. But is not progress being made along sane and cautious lines? But a few years ago the country seemed to be upon the verge of a veritable obsession for government ownership. One political party officially advocated the purchase of coal-mines by the nation. Another demanded that cities acquire all public utilities. Not so now! Acquaintance with the experience of other countries and reflection upon conditions within our own have convinced a great majority of citizens that while government should and must regulate, it should not and must not own and manage; that while the corporation must not be permitted to dominate and use the State, the State itself must not impair efficiency by possessing the corporation. This we believe to be the crux of American sentiment to-day. It only remains to effect such regulation by law, by fixed and definite rule, instead of by officials holding the power of favor and discrimination.

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Surely no menace to property or to human rights lies in the striving for such a solution. Both will be safeguarded by its certain finding.

### (6) Effects of popular agitation.

There was unwarrantable clamor in Webster's time. There was before. There has been since. There will be always. But is it more than common to-day? Contrast the situation with that of recent years. How long is it since the country was infested with tramps, since an army of malcontents marched under the red banner from Ohio to Washington, since baneful strikes prevailed in industrial centers, since railways were tied up, property was being destroyed and homes rendered desolate, since ghastly religious intolerance portended the clash of arms, since even the specter of polygamy threatened the peace of the Nation?

To appreciate our blessings of the present, we must recall the perils of the past. And is it not a fact that those which seemed at the time most ominous have disappeared like mists from the face of the sea? Already profit-sharing, through stock ownership, bids fair to identify the interests of labor and capital and solve the problem that has vexed all industrial countries for ages. Demagogues in public office no longer derive

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political advantage from permitting riot to supplant order. Incendiary talk has subsided without impairing freedom of speech. Polygamy is a relic of the past. Slowly but surely all Christianizing influences are coming to unite in common endeavor.

Agitation we still have, but it is agitation of another sort. Turbulent Kansas is no longer a hotbed of ignorant and blatant populism, but has become the seat of intelligent insurgency. Throughout the entire West unreasoning clamor has been superseded by enlightened resolution. And the splendid Southland has already risen, like Phoenix, from the ashes of despair to the heights of peace and prosperity. Never in the history of the Republic has there been a time when so few vapors clouded the skies. May we not, then, with reason, anticipate fair weather?

(7) The undermining of our political institutions.

But a few years ago a craze for segregation and centralization of political authority took possession of many minds. The attack was poignant, but not perennial. No longer is heard a single complaint of encroachment by one branch of the Government upon the prerogatives of another. The machinery of state, so delicately and so sagaciously adjusted under



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the Constitution, runs without friction, wholly at all times within the control of the people if they but exercise their franchise. And is it not a circumstance most fortuitous, a veritable blessing from Heaven, that at this time when our court of last resort, the final arbiter of all vital disputes, is being virtually reconstituted, we have in the appointive seat a great and sober judge, jealous of the honor of his profession, keen in discriminating between intellectual, judicial, and individual capacities and consecrated to the fundamental truth that this is and must continue to be a Government of laws and not of men?

Shortly before he died Professor Sumner, the famous educator and great philosopher of Yale, predicted the downfall of the Republic before the year 1950. Such a prophecy from such a source cannot pass unheeded. But it is not new. Macaulay and Carlyle had similar visions. Theirs, moreover, beheld at a time when the nation seemed likely to break in twain, possessed a semblance of reality springing from accurate perception. Can we say the like of Sumner's? Is not the present, as we have seen, exceptionally secure? What, then, of preparations for the future? Patriotism is the basis of our institutions. And patriotism in the

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minds of our youth is no longer linked solely with fireworks and deeds of daring. It is taught in our schools. A new course has been added—a course in loyalty. Methodically, our children learn how to vote, how to conduct primaries, conventions and elections, how to discriminate between qualifications of candidates and, finally, how to govern as well as serve. They are taught to despise bribery and all forms of corruption and fraud as treason. Their creed, which they are made to know by heart, is not complex. It is simple but comprehensive, no less beautiful in diction than lofty in aspiration. These are the pledges which are graven upon their memories:

“As it is cowardly for a soldier to run away from the battle, so it is cowardly for any citizen not to contribute his share to the well-being of his country. America is my own dear land; she nourishes me, and I will love her and do my duty to her, whose child, servant and civil soldier I am.

“As the health and happiness of my body depend upon each muscle and nerve and drop of blood doing its work in its place, so the health and happiness of my country depend upon each citizen doing his work in his place.”

These young citizens are our hostage to fortune. Can we not safely assume that the principles animating their lives augur well for the permanency of the Republic? When before

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have the foundation stones of continuance been laid with such care and promise of durability?

The future, then, is bright. And the present? But one thing is needful. No present movement is more laudable than that which looks to conservation of natural resources. But let us never forget that the greatest inherent resource of the American people is common sense. Let that be conserved and applied without cessation, and soon it will be found that all the ills of which we complain but know not of are only such as attend upon the growing pains of a great and blessed country!

## IV

### JOURNALISM AND THE UNIVERSITY

*Bromley Lecture at Yale University, March 12, 1908*

UNFORTUNATELY no definition of journalism has yet found general acceptance, and none probably could be made that would stand the test of critical analysis. Its most famous exemplars achieved power and distinction by methods so varied, and from motives so diverse, as to render exact induction impossible. To Franklin, the printer, it was a trade; to Bryant, the poet, it was literature; to Greeley, the apostle, it was evangelism; to Raymond, the disputant, it was polemics; to Bennett, the cynic, it was manufacture; to Dana, the satirist, it was an art; to Godkin, the caviler, it was hypercriticism. Each earned and won renown in a manner peculiar to himself, not because he was a great journalist, but because he was a great man—and in this respect of actual personal achievement the name of Garrison, the

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zealot, leads all the rest. In breaking the bonds of traditional political thralldom these eager minds rendered superb service to the cause of free thought and independent expression, but in one or more of the essentials of true journalism in its highest and broadest meaning each was singularly deficient.

The master journalist must have stability of purpose and coolness of judgment. Greeley had neither. Impulsive, erratic, heedless in thought, violent in expression, eager to lead, no matter whither, impatient of restraint of any kind, the mighty influence acquired by his undoubted genius, reinforced by public faith in the purity of his intentions and the worship even of his obvious faults by the multitude of his followers, was wielded for ill almost as frequently as for good, and more than once seriously imperiled the very existence of the nation which he loved with the fervor of a votary.

The master journalist must have perspective as well as perception; his is a jealous calling demanding the exercise of every mental and moral fibril, and exacting above all that consistency which is inseparable from conviction. Keen and brilliant as he was, Raymond could make no discrimination between essentials and non-essentials when opportunity for contention

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offered. Peddler or archbishop could draw his fire by the merest allusion; no threat of controversy was too absurd, no source thereof too insignificant, to distract his attention from public affairs and absorb his entire interest. Yet more serious was his subordination of a great journal to the petty purposes of a political party, in the machinery of which he most prided himself upon being one of a hundred cogs—hence his variableness of policy which became a byword and sapped his authority.

The master journalist must have conscience, character, conviction; his aim must be to uplift humanity, not to profit by its degradation. Bennett had personal integrity; he never sold an opinion; he never cheated or lied or bowed before mammon—and he was the most energetic and successful gatherer of news the world has produced. But he was indifferent to principle, contemptuous of things held most sacred by his fellow-beings, and strove solely to detect the trend of popular sentiment that he might hasten to please the mob and pay additional tribute to his great and only god—Success! a curiously complex, marvelously self-developed manufacturer of food and poison, pill and labeled to gratify any palate and meet all conceivable demands.

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The master journalist must cherish no personal animosities; though relentless in pursuit of wrong-doers, he must be just and forbearing when vindictiveness could only inflict pain upon the innocent and serve no useful purpose. Dana was the prince of his craft, the skilled workman, the artist, the developer of style, the first and so far the last hand at the loom from which spins the finished product. To the intensity of his nature must we attribute the unforgiving spirit which marred a professional career otherwise unmatched in proficiency.

The master journalist is suggestive, constructive. Godkin's talent was great and facile, but his instrument was the rapier; his hand never knew the trowel.

A significant omission from this enumeration of men, the mere mention of whose names even in illustration of their defects evokes recognition of their distinction, is that of Samuel Bowles. It was not inadvertent; it was deliberate and purposeful. Bowles embodied a combination in greater or less degree of the finest qualities possessed by his famous contemporaries. Though in the view of the people he was less appealing than Greeley, in fact he was quite as earnest, quite as enthusiastic, quite as resolute in deter-

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mination to supplant wrong with right at whatever hazard. His expression, except upon rare occasions when excitement burned through his veins, was less vivid, less brilliant than Raymond's, but he was always forceful, always rang true, and his discernment never wavered from the line of accurate diagnosis and the logical remedy. Unlike both Greeley and Raymond, he was able to curb his natural impetuosity and enhance by his very restraint the ultimate effect of his utterance—and his sound, sane judgment always sat at his elbow. He was not, and could not have been, under the same conditions, a peer of Bennett in the glean- ing and purveying of news; his didactic instincts were too dominant, his other interests too varied; but in his comparatively circumscribed field his work was characterized by no less painstaking thoroughness. His editorials lacked the finish that stamped those of Dana and Godkin, because his intellectual training was derived from association with men, while theirs came from intimacy with books. But take him all in all as a journalist, and few essentials will be found wanting. He was bold, yet not daring for daring's sake, conscientious, both high-minded and broad-minded, firm in conviction, self-respecting, considerate of the weak,



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independent of the strong, unsordid, resolute in purpose, lucid, direct, convincing, able to perceive with the quickness of a lightning flash, to comprehend with the wisdom of a sage, and to deduce conclusions that seemed irrefragable to other minds because so they were felt to be by his. Despite the restrictions imposed upon him, it will not be surprising if the history of his generation shall accord first place in American journalism—as journalism pure and simple—to Samuel Bowles.

Herein we find a lesson. If it be true that Bowles outranked his gifted contemporaries, retaining to the end a truer perspective and sounder judgment, his pre-eminence obviously cannot be attributed to either mental or moral superiority; it must have sprung necessarily from another underlying cause. Such, in truth, is the fact. Bowles was free. Almost all of the others at some stage in their careers wore the shackles of personal political ambition. Greeley was a fitful aspirant to public office from the day his journal became a power, and he died, finally, broken-hearted by his inability to attain the Presidency, for which hardly a man then living was less fitted. Raymond, after years of active participation in practical politics, per-

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ceived the folly of his course and forswore further entanglements, only, however, to discover that the habit had become irresistible, and at the time of his death he was chairman of a State committee. Dana's life was embittered and his judgment clouded by the refusal of a President and a Governor to recognize his personal claims. Even the incorrigible Bennett was hushed by the offer of a diplomatic mission. From the day when the first note of independence was sounded to the very present, the bane of journalism has been the political ambitions of the journalists themselves. Politicians have profited steadily and increasingly, and the public has suffered correspondingly, from this insatiable craving for public position. Nor have our foremost statesmen hesitated to avail themselves of the opportunities thus presented. President Lincoln may have been warranted in considering that the end justified the means when he offered to Bennett the ministry to France, but his act served only to silence criticism of Johnson when that President tendered the Austrian ministry to Raymond in return for support which could not otherwise have been obtained. To this day not only has the custom been maintained, but, judging from the fact that never before have so many editors and writers held appointive

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political positions as at present, it seems by no means to be waning.

The fitness or unfitness of those selected is not a point in issue. It is the practice only which we deprecate. And call it what we may—a bribe to insure a continuance of allegiance or, less obnoxiously, a reward for services rendered—the outcome of every one of such transactions is the same—the people's loss of a champion, and a newspaper's sacrifice of its birthright for a glittering bauble.

What, then, shall we conclude? That an editor shall bar acceptance of public position under any circumstances? Yes, absolutely, and any thought or hope of such preferment, else his avowed purpose is not his true one, his policy is one of deceit in pursuance of an unannounced end; his guidance is untrustworthy, his calling that of a teacher false to his disciples for personal advantage, his conduct a gross betrayal not only of public confidence, but also of the faith of every true journalist jealous of a profession which should be of the noblest and the farthest removed from base uses in the interest of selfish men.

There is but one conceivable conclusion in logic or in morals, namely, that true journalism and the politics that seeks personal advancement are

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not and cannot be made co-operative; from the radical difference in their very natures and the impossibility of reconciling what should be the idealism of the one with the practicalism of the other, they must be essentially antagonistic. That in fact they are is evident. The chief, if not indeed the sole, aim of the politician is to win the favor of the majority. To achieve this purpose he does not scruple; in the language of his craft he "keeps his ear to the ground," and the magnitude of his success is measured by the shrewdness with which he divines popular tendencies sufficiently in advance of their general manifestation to appear to be the leader of a movement to establish newly discovered principles rather than as a skilful conjecturer of evanescent popular whims. It follows necessarily that the journal animated by any other than a like motive—that is, the desire to profit from pandering to mobilized selfishness—is so hateful to the aspiring politician that in his view it must be discredited. Hence the frequency and virulence of assaults upon newspapers which for one reason or another dissent from views expressed by politicians, sometimes no doubt in sincerity, but always in hope of currying public favor. The reasoning of such a journal is seldom combated; a mere question-

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ing of its motives is deemed and generally is found to be vastly more efficacious. So it often happens in even these enlightened days that a newspaper undergoing no change in control may to-day be pronounced patriotic and devoted to the cause of the people, and to-morrow be denounced as a servant of special interests and an enemy of the country, in precise accord with its defense or criticism of political measures and men.

One of our most conspicuous statesmen—if the term, despite its apparent obsolescence, may still be applied to the holder of a high public office—recently declared that the sole mission of journalism is to detect and encourage popular tendencies. In truth, such a conception is the basest imaginable, but it is the politician's, and probably always will be. Nor can we honestly deny that it is the easier and likely to prove more profitable and more comfortable. Surely any one possessing human sensibilities would rather be heralded as a tribune of the people than as a hireling of capital, a panderer to labor, or a common mercenary—and yet such detraction is a form of misery that the politician may avoid, while the journalist must endure it, for the simple reason that the god of the one is expediency, and of the other, principle.

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I do not criticize the politician for following the mob; success in his trade is dependent upon his ability to satisfy the cravings, whatever they may happen to be at the time, of the majority; nor do I complain of his pretending to lead when really he only follows by catering to prejudice, since it is well within his province to deceive as many of the voters as much of the time as his talents permit. Even his traditional championship of, and appeals to, the "common people" may be condoned. So many millions have not only borne with equanimity but accepted with gratefulness for so many years that transparent insult, that its constant repetition engenders mild amusement rather than the deep indignation which rightfully it should evoke. My sole purpose is to mark the complete antithesis in theory and in practice of journalism and politics, in order to emphasize the inevitable antagonism to which I have referred between a profession that should be noble and a trade that is essentially sordid. To be the first to detect and the most eager to satisfy popular caprice is the acme of personal political achievement; to protect the people from themselves, to point out their errors, and urge rectification, is the true mission of journalism. "Gathering the wisdom of ages as into a sheaf

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of sunbeams, it shows that progress springs from the minority, and that, if it will but stand fast, time will give it victory." Into a single familiar stanza Bryant, the journalist, compressed the battle-song:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshipers."

The distinction lies between dependence upon and independence of the majority—and in this respect great strides have been made in American journalism. The asperities of to-day seem innocuous when compared with those of the good old times when charges of treason filled the air, when Republican journals solemnly accused Federalists of plotting to establish a monarchy by force of arms, when Federalist newspapers denounced Republican statesmen as Jacobins, when Jay was anathematized as a scoundrel and Jefferson as an atheist and satyr, and when, as on the morning after Washington retired from the Presidency, the principal organ of the opposition devoutly thanked God that at last the country was rid of the man who had been the source of all its misfortunes. Even so late as the era of the brilliant men to whom I have referred, public journals were the slaves

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of political parties, but whatever the shortcomings of the present, the pall of partisanship at least has lifted, and there is no press in the world comparable to that of America in freedom from venal influences.

“A chartered libertine,” the American press may be as distinctly to-day as when the discriminating Curtis so designated it twenty-five years ago, and yet, how true it is now as then, as he hastened to add, that “No abuse of its privileges can be so great as the evil of its suppression”! There remains only the necessity of refining the expression and enhancing the independence which constitutes the real soul of a public journal. At this point exacting human nature raises obstacles. The vast majority of men are technically honest, but few are honest in their minds. So, too, while all really influential newspapers are nominally independent, few proprietors and editors are unaffected by one consideration or another. Environment wields the greatest force, and so it should. It is right and proper, no less than inevitable, that a newspaper should reflect the sentiments of the community in which it has its being, and upon whose support its very existence depends. In the fact that a journal published in a manufacturing city in New England upholds protection,



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or that one speaking for the farmers of the West advocates free trade, or that one printed in New York demands rigorous laws bearing upon finance, we find no cause for censure. Each voices the spirit of its own community in perfect conformity with the democratic theory which forms the basis of our institutions; but it is a grave question whether at this time, when the bands of steel have knit so closely together the various sections and rendered all so wholly interdependent, the growth of tolerance and consideration has kept pace with material progress. Provincialism has ceased to be dominant in American journalism, but it continues to be a factor of no little magnitude, irritating, harmful, even pregnant with danger unless modified by a broader recognition of the rights and privileges of all who constitute a mighty population that must be united to withstand the baleful forces which hitherto have wrecked republics.

The journalist, then, must be independent, not only of politics, but of his community. His interest is its interest, but his entire obligation is not fulfilled by mere representation of that interest, however accurate it may be. He is, above all, a teacher who through daily appeals to the reason and moral sense of his constituency should become a real leader. Nor should his

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independence be confined within city or State lines. His responsibility is to the whole people, but to perform fully his part he must be independent of the whole or of any portion. Nothing can be clearer than that the occasional supersession of statesmen in public authority by heralds of dubious evangels makes doubly important the rigorous application of common sense to even an uncommon people. Above capital, above labor, above wealth, above poverty, above class, and above people, subservient to none, quick to perceive and relentless in resisting encroachments by any, the master journalist should stand as the guardian of all, the vigilant watchman on the tower, ever ready to sound the alarm of danger, from whatever source, to the liberties and the laws of this great union of free individuals.

Can such an ideal be attained through education? Or, as is often asked, Can journalism be taught? Greeley not only dismissed the suggestion contemptuously as unworthy of consideration, but even went so far as to decry the academic training of the intellect, and he prayed for deliverance from "those horned cattle, the college graduates." The scholarly Dana also maintained that the only successful school of journalism is a newspaper office; and this, I

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suspect, would be found upon inquiry to be the opinion of practically all journalists now in the front rank, with one notable exception. But will the common saying that a journalist is "born, not made," stand the test of analysis? Is it any more than assertion? Has any one ever tried to demonstrate its truth by process of reasoning, or could one hope to succeed in such an attempt in these days of wider and freer intellectual development in the universities? True, the familiar declaration that journalism cannot be taught as surgery or engineering is taught seems plausible, but is it indeed the fact? We may grant that certain technical knowledge respecting the mechanical construction of a newspaper can be derived most easily, if not solely, from actual experience; but that experience can be obtained as well without as within a newspaper office if the facilities be afforded. This form of proficiency, moreover, is of the smallest comparative value, and bears a relationship to the practice of journalism as a profession hardly closer than the ability to conduct an advertising department. Surely, too, one can be taught how to write, edit, think, even how to perceive, as readily in a college as in a newspaper office, the only conceivable advantage of the latter being that—of inestimable

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value, to be sure—which is derived from enforced practice; but even this cannot be regarded as unattainable if the mental energy and ingenuity said to be exercised by some undergraduates in striving to avoid work could be diverted into other channels.

There is no novelty in the interminable parading of the exclusive or superior advantages of service in the "hard school of experience." Such prattle has issued from shallow intellects since systematic training of the mind began. We hear it at intervals even now from the lips of men whose self-sufficiency, flourishing like a noxious weed amid flowers of material achievement, prompts a tawdry display of dogmatism. That results alone constitute arguments, is their confident declaration deemed to be conclusive, and any lingering doubts are supposed to be quickly dispelled by contemplation of the handiwork of the complacent self-manufacturer. It is difficult at the beginning of the twentieth century to listen to such absurdities without manifesting impatience; and yet we may not with propriety disregard the obligation of tolerance in considering the opinions of men incapable of fixing the bases of their own prosperity. What logic would pronounce effect they almost invariably believe to be cause, and the most obvi-

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ously helpful circumstances win no recognition from their restricted imaginations as salutary or even contributory to equipment for achieving success. Examples without number, from Cavour, whose monument is united Italy, to Lincoln, whose glory is emancipation, are adduced as evidence that time utilized in training the intellect is wasted, and that liberal education is a bar to possible achievement through concentration. Wholly similar is the common misapprehension respecting the training of an American journalist deduced from the triumphs of Franklin, Greeley, Bennett, Bowles, and some now living. Scorning to make the obvious retort, disdaining to instance the innumerable contrary examples from Pericles to Balfour, from Bacon to Godkin, it serves well our purpose to raise the simple query, whether the successes of those mentioned were accomplished because of or in spite of disadvantages that to the impersonal judgment seem apparent.

But all these are minor considerations. It is in a vastly broader sense that I shall try to show that if it be true that, in these days, a printer's devil who works his way up to an editorship is better equipped for the practice of journalism than a college man having like aspirations, there is on the part of trustees and faculty a woeful

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deficiency in comprehension of the duty of the university to the people. Assuming general acceptance of the hypothesis that the power of the press for good or ill is very great and not diminishing, it is manifest that all available agencies should be utilized to render that influence as much for good and as little for ill as possible. Of these instrumentalities many might be enumerated, but not one, in this particular stage of commercial, scientific, and moral development of the American people, can approach the university in effectiveness. We call this an age of specialism, and such indeed it is in all callings but one—and that one is journalism. We have only to refer to the stupendous and constant growth in population within our borders and the recent lightning-like expansion of our interest abroad to emphasize the fact that never before was such need of breadth of knowledge among those charged with the daily teaching of our millions.

Whatever may be our attitude toward the doctrine of "utility," whether we stand with Oxford or with Edinburgh, we may rest assured that not even Locke would deny the need to the modern journalist of liberal education, for the very simple and conclusive reason that universal knowledge is his requirement. And

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where can he obtain it if not from the university? And whose duty, if not the university's, is it to supply not only that liberal education itself, but also all minor helps pertaining to journalism, so that when the graduate begins his work his mind need not rust while perforce he is mastering the mere incidentals which constitute the sum of the knowledge of his office-bred competitor?

Hardly second in value to wide comprehensiveness of knowledge are clarity in thought and lucidity of expression; and from whom may we rightfully demand the development of these acquirements if not from the university? Criticism is an important function of journalism, but only a phase. It does not suffice to walk in the footsteps of the sages who taught Rasselas and the princes of Abyssinia, and who, according to Dr. Johnson, told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where "discord was always raging and where man preyed upon man." The ability to apprehend the correct viewpoint concerning a vital subject is vastly more important, calling not merely for the bodily eye provided by nature, but for what Newman so aptly designates as "the eye of the mind," whose object is truth, and itself is "the work of discipline and habit."

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Where, if not to the university, may we look for the maintenance of the discipline and the forming of the habits essential to the training of the intellect to so fine a point that, in subsequent public service, which is all that journalism really is or should be, discrimination between the true and the false shall require so little effort as to seem to spring from very instinct?

Journalism can never be history; its unceasing activities deprive it of the advantages of scientific inquiry. It cannot even be the rounded truth, since the necessity of prompt presentation of what seems to be fact renders impossible the gathering and weighing of all evidence which bears upon an event that must be chronicled. As a purveyor of what we call news, the newspaper cannot present daily a photograph of happenings; it can only give a picture, imperfect because painted by fallible beings. As a guide, it must form opinions and pronounce judgment instantly; the delay of a day or even an hour at times would be fatal to full effectiveness. Hence the necessity for the most complete and finished mental training; and where, pray, can we look for the building of thoroughbred minds if not to the university?

Intellect! Independence! Each is essential and each can be cultivated. There is yet an-



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other trait whose possession is more vital than that of both combined. That is character, the foundation of all real achievement, which in turn finds its inspiration in a quality fortunately inherent in all men. The equality with which, according to our republican doctrine, human beings are endowed in common at birth is the equality of right alone—the right to exist unmolested, to enjoy freedom, to share evenly with others the opportunities vouchsafed by God to His children. The capacities to feel, perceive, and express multifarious emotions which in the course of years crystallize into genius, talent, or mere industry are distributed in widely varying degrees. No training of the mind can evolve a poet, no cultivation of the sense of hearing can create an understanding of music, no practice can imbue a sterile spirit with appreciation of humor. With respect to these and all similar attributes, so far from all being born equal, no two among the uncounted millions are born alike.

But there is one divine possession common to all men, from the most highly educated to the most ignorant, from the most spiritual to the most brutal, from the finest to the coarsest of natures. It is the faculty which compels men to regard their own acts and the acts of their

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fellows as possessing a moral quality, and which, when fully enlightened, puts upon the right the imprimatur of its conscious approval and upon the wrong the stamp of its conscious condemnation. In Christian theology it is the still, small voice speaking a word of warning when such an one is needed; in modern philosophy it is the moral sense, conscience, or, most exactly to the discriminating understanding, the spirit of truth. What it is we do not know. Whatever it may be, believers and scoffers alike admit its existence in every human breast—as a force, though latent, the most potent known agency in the control and direction of human conduct; and it is this element, this divine spark, that smolders or leaps into flame as it is neglected or encouraged, that becomes the core of character.

But while character is as dependent fundamentally upon the impelling force of conscience as the human organism is upon the pulsing of the heart, other qualities, although secondary in importance, are no less essential to the entire composition. Chief among these is a sense of personal honor. This trait can be acquired only through cultivation, which in turn is most naturally and readily realized through the traditions and associations afforded by the university. The motives which engender it are

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various and not inevitably, in the nicest sense, wholly worthy. The primary teaching, for example, that honesty should be practised simply for the sake of policy does not seem to conform with the spirit of high-mindedness, and yet it is too often the sum of the reasons derived from early secular schooling. The prompting of pride or even of the form of vanity which impels the wish to stand high in the estimation of one's fellows is far more meritorious, and it is this impulse which stirs within a man from the day on which he comes into contact with the standards which have become fixed by practice within the university. To the moral atmosphere of the gridiron and the baseball field, hardly less than to the shame of reflecting discredit upon one's Alma Mater, may safely be attributed the keen sense of personal honor to-day found almost invariably in the college graduate. And if it be conceded, as it must be, that university life produces nobleness of mind, it is but a step to the conclusion that it must also refine the conscience, and thus makes the perfect blend which we call character—the first and indispensable requisite of true journalism.

Already, as we have seen, the university is building the fundamentals. Why should it not also supply the accessories and send forth to

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teach and lead the people men so thoroughly equipped technically as well as mentally and morally that the mere fact of graduation, by opening the door of opportunity, should gradually but inevitably tend to subordinate materialism to a practical idealism which would raise the American press to its true position as foremost among God's agencies for the uplifting of the American people?

## V

### THE COUNTRY PRESS

*To the Press Association of Vermont*

I HAVE come to you to-night simply as a fellow craftsman, and happily I am able to use the word in its most explicit sense, for I too have been a Vermont editor. It is not ordinarily satisfying, even in a desultory talk like this, to indulge in personal reminiscences, but I find refuge in the dictum of Doctor Osler. If all men really should be chloroformed at sixty, and few are of any particular use after forty, there is surely no time to be lost. Moreover, one who has yet his work to do always finds it vastly easier to dwell casually upon that which he has not already done. Tradition portrays the ordinarily intelligent child as seeking to achieve his highest ambition by thrusting his hand into a pot of jam or preserve. I dare say that there was in my composition some portion of genius of that nature, but it was not predominant. So far back as I can remember, my

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chief aim in life was to get my fingers into a pot of ink. I recall distinctly that my purchase of a two-dollar printing-press at the age of ten made it necessary to double the quantity of soft-soap manufactured by the family for domestic purposes. The first real editor I ever saw was either N. or N. H. Eaton; I cannot say which, because I could never tell them apart. But the mental picture of my first visit to that wonderful printing establishment in Danville will ever remain vivid. In one corner, standing before his case with a green vizor over his eyes, picking the types with a dexterity that I had never conceived of being possible, except in a canary-bird, was either N. or N. H. The marvels of the profession grew upon me as I watched that deft transmission of mind into matter. The spectacle was all the more thrilling because of the obvious age of the compositor. I remember wondering whether it would be possible for one to achieve such extraordinary capacity before reaching his one-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday, which I think must then have been about the due of him whom I watched with bulging eyes.

But there was another sight yet more thrilling. In the far corner was the miraculous printing-press, with the white sheets of paper

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held fastidiously by bands, and dropping rhythmically upon the tightly clasped bed of type just long enough to give young George Eaton a chance to pull the lever which made history and guided destiny. Never shall I forget the eager, critical scrutiny of that printed page by Nathaniel Eaton—or maybe it was N. H.—as he carefully released it from the types, and then, happily finding it satisfactory, placed it upon the pile, which subsequently became an edition. I doubt not that many of you in this room have experienced that same sense of wondering, bewildered admiration, of very awe, which I then felt. God may have created the heavens and the earth, but what was that to the youthful imagination as compared with this marvelous achievement? While now still cherishing the impression graven upon my mind by that little dingy printing-office, I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that full recognition has been, or will be, accorded the great work done by the men of those days, the N.'s and the N. H.'s, who stood by the case and the press, and patiently, soberly, and consequentially worked out their lives in the service of mankind. They were true journalists, unswerving in their devotion to ideals, faithful to the interests of their community, upholders of law and order,

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spiritual no less than mental and political guides of their fellow-men.

Is it any wonder that on my return home from Danville to Peacham on that day, eventful to me, I was filled with a grim determination to write? Do you think my printing-press at home remained long idle? Indeed, no! I began to work it forthwith. I worked it overtime. There was no union demanding the eight-hour day at the lever of that machine. I even suffered gloriously the penalty of personal chastisement, properly administered, for keeping the family awake nights. Once I even went so far as to weed onions to get money to buy ink with. I published a paper, of course. The name of it I cannot recall. It may have been *The Peacham Patriot*, but probably it was *The Peacham Democrat*. Anyhow, one edition of five copies was struck off successfully, and sold unsuccessfully. It was the beginning and the end of a great journalistic venture. Then I communed with myself, and took under consideration the commercial aspect of the profession, and began to write items for the *Caledonian*. I received five cents an item, and the most poignant sorrow I have ever experienced of a minor nature was the scarcity of items. I think I was a reasonably humane lad, but even so I cannot deny the



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alleviation of regret I experienced when by chance a cow died or a promising colt broke his leg. What I deprecated most was the paucity of crime in that community. I used to lie awake nights, not exactly hoping that murder would be done in the peaceful region, but frankly admitting to myself that if the spirit of Cain was to take possession of a human soul in that vicinity, anyway, that was a very good time and the best of places for it to make its appearance. It never did. The event nearest to a homicide that ever happened was a suicide. A morose farmer hanged himself from a rafter. But even my fervid youthful imagination was incapable of conjuring up for the pathetic consideration of the great reading public any manner of complaint or regret.

Finally I achieved my highest ambition by obtaining a job between school terms from the founder of the *St. Johnsbury Republican*. I think it was called the *Republican* then. I am not sure. I know I was fifteen years old, and the man who owned the paper lived in Bradford. He paid me three dollars a week, and couldn't induce me to play or sleep if he had tried. Moreover, he didn't try. He had a girl in Bradford, and for some reason, inscrutable to me at the time, he preferred her companion-

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ship to mine. Consequently, I very soon became all kinds of journalists and skilled labor boiled into one.

It was a joyous summer. I possessed absolute authority, and was free from interference of any kind. My staff was so ill fed that it had not the strength to be disloyal. I was the staff. The editor, who was also the reporter, was an enthusiastic young person for whose demonstrated energy at that time, somewhat vitiated since, I still entertain a profound respect. I was that editor and that reporter. Type-setting machines were unknown then, but the office contained an exceptionally light and airy composing-room, which was occupied by a thoroughly capable force. I was that compositor. It was a non-union office; I was the non-union. The press-room was the best in the building; so was the press. The power which moved the machine was more earnest than electrical but it was sufficiently effective to meet the requirements. I was the motor.

The utmost ingenuity of the human mind could not conceive a greater harmony of working interests. The effectiveness of what is termed in the sportsman's world team-play could not have had a more favorable test; and yet, in the interest of veracity, I am obliged to

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admit that the demonstration proved less satisfactory to the owner than the conditions might have led one to expect. At the expiration of a few months the public was startled by the announcement that the proprietor of the brilliant journal had sold out. It was a kindly expression of a falsehood. He did not sell his paper; he did not even give it away; he paid somebody to take it. Whence that proprietor came or whither he went I know not, but my conscience has never been troubled by the suspicion that he received less than his just due from a long-suffering and helpless public.

By that time I knew it all. There was no subject within the wide horizon of thought, from international problems to the correct method of paring potatoes, that I was not wholly competent not only to discuss, but to decide with irresistible conclusiveness. I was particularly strong on politics. When N. and N. H. had died and George had gone to Troy, the *North Star* came under the control of two young men whose capital and qualifications consisted chiefly of hope. It was then that I first began seriously to mold the opinions of the nation through the medium of a great public journal. I had a large and varying assortment of convictions. In one respect, however, they were alike. They were

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uncontaminated by tints and shades. Everything was either right or wrong absolutely. I recognized but two colors, black and white. With extreme sagacity I formulated a method of educating the masses up to an adequate appreciation of the blessings of free trade. The use of those two specific words I shrewdly deprecated, but I did not hesitate for an instant in strenuous advocacy of tariff reform. I did not indeed merely advise the adoption of a new fiscal policy—I demanded it. I doubt whether in the whole United States there was at that time another more grimly insistent upon the adoption of low tariff, except perhaps one Theodore Roosevelt. I spurned the suggestion of treating it as an economic issue. It was a moral issue, based upon some one of the Ten Commandments; I was never quite sure which.

But I did not stop there. I was at the reforming age of sixteen. Thinly disguised free trade did not suffice. With equal vehemence I demanded civil service reform, and it is a somewhat curious coincidence that while thumping the spoilsmen with might and main, and flattering myself that presently they would skulk for cover in consequence of the blows rained upon their hardened skulls, I began, and continued for a considerable period, an animated personal

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correspondence with George William Curtis. I remember that in my first letter to that great man I frankly set down the sum of my tender years and the sphere of usefulness occupied by the *North Star*. It has often seemed to me that it would be difficult to find a better illustration of the fidelity, patience, and courtesy of that prince of journalists than is afforded by the fact that with his own hand he wrote to me letter after letter, pointing out the methods which would best be pursued in efforts to arouse interest in the principle to which he devoted a large portion of his life. Would that the country to-day had more men, or even one man, capable of filling the unique position in American life that was held by George William Curtis!

But the *North Star* had its limitations, and I had none. So I slopped over into the *Argus and Patriot*. I particularly appreciated the *Argus and Patriot* at that time because of its capacious pages. There was no lack of space, and there was no dearth of ardor in the mind of the proprietor of that newspaper in respect to anything tending to disclose the iniquities of the Republican party. Later, I believe, when a Democrat did chance to be elected President the editor's enthusiasm over civil service reform became somewhat modified; but consistency has never

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been an integral necessity of partisan journalism.

In passing, I want to say that in his restricted sphere, with consideration of his environment in this then overwhelmingly partisan State, I think that the success achieved through the indomitable energy, unfailing good nature, and business acumen of Hiram Atkins ranks with that of a Bennett or a Medill.

There was one other man to whom I owe much, and to whom his community was and continues to be a debtor. That was Charles M. Stone. If there ever was a gentleman he was one. If ever conscience was brought to bear upon life-work that impulse was his. Most men are technically honest. Charles M. Stone was honest in his mind. His integrity entitled him to no credit perhaps, because anything else was foreign to his nature. Upright, loyal, jealous of the tone and character of the profession which he adorned in his sphere, he richly deserved all and more than in this life he ever obtained. It is with a sense of peculiar gratitude that I take this opportunity to pay my own personal tribute to the memory of that worthy man.

At the risk of wearying you I shall speak briefly upon my entrance to a wider field. When

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I reached my eighteenth birthday Vermont was not big enough. I needed more room. I wanted to educate a whole lot of people at one time; so I went to the *Springfield Republican*. I had collected enough money in some way to buy my ticket, and financed my first enterprise by borrowing the entire legacy bequeathed by my grandmother to my sister, amounting to ten dollars. With that store of capital I ventured forth, and in due course of time reached the office of Samuel Bowles the younger. He seemed less enthusiastic over my safe arrival than I had anticipated. Indeed, the first impression made upon me was one of a courtesy somewhat more austere than I had been accustomed to encounter among the farmers of Peacham. The first question that arose for consideration related to compensation for the services presumably to be rendered. He asked me politely but firmly how much I expected. I had had my dreams of opulence due to arrive about that time, but when I looked upon that impassive face and reflected that perhaps, after all, I was not absolutely essential to the successful continuance of the *Republican*, my courage oozed out, and from the fifteen dollars a week that I had fondly anticipated the expenditure of, in ways best suited to subserve my inclinations,

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I got down to ten dollars. He said he thought six was about right. To that I demurred, and we discussed the subject thoroughly in all its bearings. Finally we compromised on six dollars, and that ends the tedium of reminiscences of somewhat early journalistic experiences.

To those of us—and we are in a large majority—who have the welfare of our country at heart, the tendency of American journalism, whether for the better or the worse, is an ever-interesting and vitally important subject. The night before he sailed for his sorely tried land, that astute statesman, Mr. Witté, said to me: “You call this a free country, but it is not free. It is not as free as mine. Your people have a master, and that master is more autocratic and infinitely more potent than the Emperor of Russia. The newspaper is your ruler.” One could not but be impressed by such an utterance from such a source, but it was not precisely stated, as, of course, we all know. The newspaper has no such power as Mr. Witté attributed to it. It is one only of many agencies used by the Almighty in working out the destiny of this great nation and wonderful people. In point of effectiveness it probably stands second only to Christianity. How vitally essential, therefore, it is to keep its standard high. Personally, I



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cannot see that it has lowered in the past twenty years. Our great metropolitan newspapers have their faults, recognized by all, and keenly appreciated by themselves. They are more noisy than their predecessors of the past generation, but they are no less brave. The most significant and encouraging fact is that the political partisanship which once rested upon newspaper offices as black as the ink of the Russian censor has lifted. The journalism of courage has supplanted the journalism of circulation; the journalism of intellect and conscience were never so free from fetters as it is to-day. How trifling the minor defects, however numerous, in the light of this great truth!

I am not as familiar with the country newspaper as I wish I were, but so far as I can judge from the opportunities at my command it seems to be holding its own. It is not unusual to hear criticized what is termed often the pettiness of the abundance of personal paragraphs which fill the pages. But there is another side to that. The dissemination of information, however unimportant apparently, has tended to enlightenment since the world began. If it be true, as undoubtedly it is, that there is no better study for man than man himself, how can the average person be induced to prosecute it unconsciously

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so easily as by placing before him at regular intervals the record of what other individuals are doing? Undoubtedly the country newspaper has changed mightily since the good old days of the N.'s and N. H.'s, but we all know that evolution has been the direct result of conditions, of improved transportation facilities, of the cheapness with which daily papers can now be produced and sold. The field itself has changed necessarily, and it is a credit rather than the reverse that the country newspaper has met the requirements. Whether there may not be a happy medium between the philosophical and somewhat heavy journal of the past and the seemingly inconsequential paper of the present is an interesting speculation. In one respect I believe that, generally speaking, there is room for marked improvement. I have sometimes thought I could detect a tendency on the part of editors of weekly papers toward laziness in their own writing.

There seems to have grown up an impression that the people of rural communities now look to the outside journals for their general information and for their opinions. This is undoubtedly true to a certain degree, and will doubtless continue to be the case; but it does not seem that that field of endeavor should be

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neglected entirely on that account; nor need it be. There is nothing the average reader appreciates so much as something written directly for him. The impress upon his mind of views formed and expressed in far-away cities for a multitude of others like himself is vague and unsatisfying. It has no personal bearing. It does not go home. It depicts the sentiment of a foreign community, not his own. If I were now conducting that defunct derelict once called either the *Peacham Patriot* or the *Peacham Democrat*, one column, and always the same column, would be filled every week without fail by what I personally thought respecting the larger events of the week from the viewpoint of my environment and the environment of my readers. It would not be as thoroughly done, nor as well done, nor, of course, as exhaustively done as by the great metropolitan journal. But it would be done as by one of the family whose job it was to analyze the affairs of the world systematically and simply in the vernacular of the community for the benefit of the other members. It is this sort of personal relationship established between the writer and the reader that gets attention, holds it, and makes direct, tangible influence. It means the hardest kind of work, much reading, more think-

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ing, and a certain amount of drudgery, in striving for suitable and effective expression. But that is what the editor is for. A man who is not willing to sacrifice his personal pleasure upon the altar of his profession, especially when his calling is that of a teacher, such as an editor necessarily is in the broadest sense, has no moral right to hold a position which has become false. He should go out and hoe potatoes, and give his pen to another willing to sit up nights and push it. But I said there should be no preachments, and doubtless you feel in the expressively classic language of the present day that it is up to me to make good.

There is one point, however, of a wholly practical nature. I wonder if, in the mechanics of the trade, the country newspaper has advanced along the lines of other industries. When a town gets big enough to have one newspaper it generally has two. The second is a sort of antidote. Years ago they used to fight. One editor did not recognize the other socially, and was expected to treat him only with contumely publicly. Under such circumstances, of course, working arrangements, even to mutual advantage, were impossible. But that time seems to have passed. You editors whose offices even confront each other live in peace and harmony

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and speak respectfully one of the other. The public used to like the fighting, but it does not seem to resent the sweet reasonableness which has settled like a dove upon your various spirits. Might it not be possible to take advantage of this fact? Admitting that there should be two newspapers and two editors in each town, must there necessarily be two separate printing establishments? What reader cares or knows anything about how or where the type is set or the press is run? Again, if I were conducting the *Peacham Democrat* and another fellow was publishing the *Peacham Patriot* across the way, I should go to him and say: "See here, let us save money on the cost of production. Let us jointly own a printing establishment, and let each newspaper pay to that joint ownership the actual cost of work done for it. We will have enough to keep the factory going, and we can afford a better and more economical plant; also let us increase our circulation. Let one paper be printed on Tuesday and the other on Friday, instead of on the same day, and gradually we will induce people to buy both instead of one. Thus by saving at one end and adding at the other each of us will have more to do with and can make a better paper, and thereby serve our constituencies better and more to their satis-

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faction." That, I repeat, is what I should say to him. What he would say to me I can only guess. The scheme might be wholly impracticable. If so, he would point out the reasons therefor, and it would be abandoned, but from my present lights I should feel that I was at least creditably groping for a helpful suggestion for the benefit of all concerned, whether I found it or not.

Character and fidelity to ideals are, of course, the true foundation of public journals, but he is a fool who ignores or pretends to ignore the commercial phase. The elder Samuel Bowles was a great journalist and a great man—to my mind, the greatest of the splendid group of his day, because there was only one who can compare with him in conscience, and he was infinitely broader and wiser than Greeley. None of you needs to be told of the achievement of the elder Samuel Bowles in creating a great journal half urban and half rural, but when he died the *Springfield Republican* was not, from the viewpoint of earning capacity, a valuable property. Indeed, I have heard that much difficulty was experienced in making both ends meet. When the present Samuel Bowles was brought face to face with his responsibility, with unconscious emulation of every wise chief in whatever walk

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of life in the past, he sought the weak spot in his organization, and proceeded to fill it himself. When he compromised with me on six dollars a week, instead of on ten, he was building up a property, and he persisted unremittingly, and with all the discomfort of the drudgery attendant upon attention to details until the *Springfield Republican* became, and is now, probably the most successful paper in a commercial sense published in a city of the same size anywhere in the world. That newspaper never could have become great except through the inspiration of the elder Samuel Bowles, but it surely would not have continued great but for the sagacity of the present Samuel Bowles. It was with this example in my mind that I formulated the suggestion which I ventured, looking to the mutuality of interest, so far as production only was concerned, of the *Peacham Democrat* and the *Peacham Patriot*.

I have but one word more to say as a practical printer. There is one thing in the physical making of a newspaper that always offends me. The first page should be either a show-window or a cover. A paper typographically attractive is probably more pleasing if wholly free from advertisements on its first page. That is the show-window. But there is nothing offensive

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in the appearance of a first page wholly occupied by advertisements. It then becomes a cover. But show-windows and covers don't mix. The attempted blending is an unworthy compromise which serves neither purpose aimed at. Now I may be right or wrong about that, but if I were running the *Peacham Democrat*—well, I'm not—so we will proceed no further along that line.

Second only to character in effective journalism is self-respect. The sneering, silly, and inexcusable remark, savoring of the vulgarity of the ostentatiously "self-made" man, that "I am not a journalist; I am a newspaper man," has done more to check the growth of ideals in the eager minds of thousands of young men than any like utterance ever made by one willing to burn truth upon the altar of epigram. Of all of us in this room who have given mind, heart, and conscientious endeavor to public service, there is probably not one whose perspective at some point in his career has not been blurred by this stupid differentiation. The contrast of terms is, of course, only phrasing and inconsequential. But the idea conveyed, the deliberate insistence upon being regarded not merely as cynicists, but as mechanics, if not indeed as day-laborers, has been fruitful of infi-



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nite harm both within and without a profession requiring the greatest skill of intellect, the finest discrimination between right and wrong, the most forceful form of expression, and the highest order of moral courage. That the most potent agency in the evolution of this American nation should be thus debased, even in appearance, is surely anything but creditable to those responsible for it, and who themselves should guard no more jealously their own good name than the honor of their craft.

If the facts constituted a reason for this extraordinary self-depreciation, the condition would be comprehensible. But the reverse is the manifest truth. There is no press in the world comparable to that of America in freedom from influence, political or social, from venality, from contamination of any kind whatsoever. In France a newspaper's opinions are a matter of francs; in England, too often, of titles; in Germany, Austria, and Spain, of imperial favor; in Russia, of absolute censorship. In America, thanks to the maintenance of the sturdy traditions established by the Greeleys, Raymonds, Bennetts, Medills, and Bowleses of the past, the fundamental integrity of the press cannot be impugned. It is faultful, but it is free. We have our sadly exaggerated head-lines on week-

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days and our monstrosities on Sundays; we have our truly delightful Buster Brown, but also his hundreds of puerile imitators; we have amazing productions of no less amazing "art"; we have columns and columns of crime, and pages and pages of waste. Finally, not least, at any rate, in numbers, we have our red and white papers sometimes referred to as yellow journals.

Personally, I should be of the last to defend or make apology for this latest manifestation of commercialism, misdirected ambition, and false doctrines in the American press. But, however seriously we may regret and resent the ebullition, we cannot ignore the irresistible conclusion that this particular channel and this alone affords a vent for unexpressed beliefs and suspicions which can be dissipated only by the clear rays of reason following whatever form of experience. As contrasted with our own country, Russia to-day stands forth a vivid example of the effect of suppressed opinion. Discontent would better burn than smolder. The continuous hissing of offensive gases escaping is not pleasant, but it is infinitely preferable to the otherwise inevitable explosion. Yet more important, more vital to the permanence of a government of a whole people by themselves, is absolute freedom

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of expression. Upon that all depends. Restrict it or create the impression in suspicious minds that it is being restricted and you sow the wind.

With this general dictum few, if any, would have the hardihood to disagree. But it is often and, I regret to say, truly urged that liberty is subverted to license. Freedom of speech, freedom of publicity, yes; all admit the wisdom and necessity of preserving both. But how frequently is added, especially by men in public office, a vigorous declamation against "unfair criticism," and how almost daily is uttered, sometimes a violent and unwarranted, sometimes a dignified and justifiable, protest against "invasion of privacy," "encroachments upon personal rights," and like offenses. Only those behind the curtain of the editorial sanctum can fully appreciate the proportion of insincerity contained in the virtuous avowals of shy and retiring, though weak and human, beings of both sexes. In nine cases out of ten, the most vociferous protest may be attributed safely to self-sufficiency, snobbishness, or a guilty conscience. There is so little of malice in American newspapers as to be unworthy of notice, but it is unquestionably true that too little heed is paid to the fact that unwilful misrepresentation is often quite as serious in effect.

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Worst of all is the refusal to rectify a known error. Cursed be the man who initiated the policy of never making a retraction in the columns of his journal. The mere fact that an individual, whether right or wrong, is virtually voiceless and helpless in controversy with a newspaper should and does morally vest him with the right to exceptional consideration. A lie once started can never be stopped; but the one responsible for its circulation, directly or indirectly, who fails to exert every possible endeavor to that end is unworthy of association with decent men. An American newspaper should be an American gentleman.

To see the right is genius—to do it is courage. Unite the two under the banner of sane idealism, and the American newspaper will become second only to Christianity among God's agencies for the uplifting of humanity.

## VI

### THE MAGAZINES

*To the Sphinx Club of New York, April 20, 1910*

I SHALL speak the words I have in mind to say to you to-night rather as an observer of tendencies than as a maker of periodicals. To find a starting-point, then, I would ask primarily, "What is a magazine?" Twenty years ago a definition could have been hazarded, if not with confidence at least in the hope that it might win common acceptance. But one then could have answered the familiar query, "What is a Democrat?" Yet he would be a brave man who now should venture so far afield. And I am not certain that a like amount of temerity would not be requisite to an attempt to depict the average magazine of the present day. Changes have been rung and novelties sprung with such bewildering rapidity that it seems almost incredible, as we look back, that a virtual segregation of types should have taken

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place within so short a period after the first meteors began to cross the sky.

Yet this has happened. The very few of the leisurely, high-priced periodicals which would have been denominated magazines a quarter of a century ago have held their own, it seems to me, with distinction and credit. They have maintained a dominant literary tone and artistically have advanced notably. But they are in a class, a very small class, by themselves. The great number of lower-priced periodicals which have sprung up and taken the conventional form also recognize literature, and some evince marked literary merit, but, as a rule, their chief appeal is to interest in public affairs, and their motif is timeliness. How admirably they have performed their functions and how accurately they have gauged the public's requirements and inclinations may be judged from their obvious popularity. Attractive as they are, unquestionably, and sold, as they are, under clubbing arrangements, at prices below the cost of mechanical production, the natural expectation was that they would be a serious detriment to the older, higher-priced magazine. Happily, as I believe, for all this anticipation has not been realized. My own experience is a case in point. Ten years ago I was confronted by a virtual

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necessity of either reducing or increasing the price of *Harper's Magazine*. I finally decided to increase it from three dollars to four dollars a year. The experiment was questionable, perhaps even daring, but it proved successful. Yesterday, out of curiosity, I made a comparison of the net paid subscription list as of June 1, 1900, with that of March 1, 1910. I found that during that period the number of net paid subscriptions had a little more than doubled. That is, on March 1, 1910, the magazine had exactly 3,897, more than double as many paying subscribers as it had on June 1, 1900. This experience of the *Century*, I am informed, has been correspondingly gratifying. How high Brother Scribner has climbed since he started a sporting department I cannot say. But the point is that the only effect upon the expensive magazine of the multiplication of lower-priced—mind you, I do not say cheap—periodicals has been a check on what might, in the absence of competition, have been their normal growth. This I consider quite remarkable under the circumstances, and altogether encouraging not only to *Harper's* and the *Century*, but to every younger periodical which is striving to achieve the undoubted asset which rests in maturity and recognized stability. In

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any case, there seems, for the present, to be ample room and demand for both classes of magazines, and good reason to believe that the one class supplements and helps the other.

The alert, new periodicals have been called national newspapers, and to this extent the term is warranted: They do deal largely with vital topics of immediate interest, they do take sides, they do aim to guide as well as interpret public opinion, and their field is the whole country. They have supplanted to a large degree the weekly editions of the great daily newspapers. But their chief mission is not the dissemination of news, except in so far as they adduce newly discovered facts to illumine a subject under consideration. The very infrequency of publication precludes the possibility of their becoming vehicles of general information. They are not, then, strictly speaking, national newspapers. They are public journals, theoretically engaged in the service of the whole people from Maine to California rather than in that of a community like New York or Illinois, after the manner of the more ephemeral daily paper. As such they have done much good and no little harm, but that the good done greatly outweighs the harm seems to be evidenced by the apparent fact that their power is increasing.



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We behold, then, a new and unprecedented condition. The responsibilities of the maker of a magazine devoted primarily to literature, art, and the progress of science are circumscribed by the requirements of standard and taste. He need have little concern for timeliness and none at all for public questions. But the obligations of the maker of a public journal are those of a journalist such as have been recognized and established by usage. Truth, not fiction, is or should be the beginning and the end of his striving. His ideal mission is to guide public opinion, not to heed common clamor.

How closely the makers of our great daily newspapers have approached this ideal is a matter of opinion. To me the tendency seems constantly upward and strengthening. But of one fact we may be certain. Whatever of waning of influence there may be, whatever of failure to retain public confidence there has been is directly traceable, in nine cases out of ten, to public resentment of misrepresentation. Herein, as it seems to me, lies a lesson for those who are assuming the responsibilities of monthly journalism. The need of hurry is accepted as a palliation of error in a daily paper, but it cannot be pleaded by a weekly or a monthly. Accuracy will be found a prime requisite if the new order

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is to be maintained. I mean no unfavorable implication respecting the past. Some exaggerations have been made, some grave injustices have doubtless been done, but on the whole it has been chiefly truth, generally unpalatable truth, not falsehood, that has sprung from the raking of the muck.

It is not of the past, but of the future, I would speak. The human aspiration to achieve success at whatever cost is very strong. To attract attention, to win applause, to attack the unpopular official, to play upon prejudice, to appeal to passion, to profit from ignorance—these are national tendencies in minds not fully trained and eager to crown endeavor with fame and fortune.

I served my apprenticeship on the *Springfield Republican*. One of the first stories I wrote contained a serious reflection upon a well-known citizen. I had made a thorough investigation and was confident of my facts. So I informed the managing editor, Mr. Griffin, when called upon to answer questions springing from the proof-sheet. "There is not one chance in a hundred," I declared, positively, "that the story is not correct in every particular and none whatever that it can be confuted." "You are sure," he said, "not one chance in a hundred?"

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"Well," I replied, "just about that; certainly no more." "Then," he said, quietly—and the words were chiseled upon my memory—"then it may not be true." I reluctantly assented. "I haven't a doubt that it is," he said, "and," he added, with a grimace, "I hate to lose it. But it is a serious thing to take even a chance of blasting a personal reputation. Besides, you see, it is a rule of the office never to print anything that may not be true."

The story went by the board. Subsequently it was fully substantiated. But I didn't care. By that time I had acquired too strong a sense of pride in the paper I was working for to mind what had then seemed to be a sacrifice. I might add that forever thereafter, in common with other little boys who are reputed to have profited from early lessons, I heeded the injunction thus conveyed. To make the assertion would be easy. But I hesitate. In fact, I cannot. Alas! it might not be true.

Now, it goes without saying that all newspapers are not as scrupulous as the *Springfield Republican*. Not all have the honor of cherishing and maintaining the fine traditions of a Bowles, a Greeley, or a Dana, and few are as free from active competition as this particular journal was then. Nevertheless, there does exist

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in the office of every newspaper worth considering a certain ethical standard to which the work of every one connected with it must conform. As a growth and development, after a while, it becomes a fixture whose undeviating observance determines the character of the journal in the public mind. As time goes on and monthly public journals multiply, as doubtless they will, it is not to be expected that all who become responsible for their conduct will have graduated from the only schools of journalism now in existence—namely, the offices of the best newspapers. Almost certainly many will be attracted from other walks in life. To those in particular could there be offered better maxims, better for the public, better for their papers, better for themselves, than these two? It is a serious responsibility to blast a personal reputation. Print nothing that may not be true.

There is another phase of obligation that may be worthy of consideration. It relates to the fixing of a viewpoint. Now, far be it from me to criticize my neighbors. I have faults and troubles enough of my own. Moreover, I am speaking of the future in a suggestive way, not of the present in a carping spirit. But here is an illustration which I think I may offer without giving offense. In December the President of

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the United States, complying with the explicit terms of his oath of office, directed the attention of Congress to what seemed to be a great discrepancy between the cost to the government of carrying second-class mail-matter and the revenue derived therefrom. Simultaneously he submitted certain statements prepared by the Post-Office Department indicating that the rate might properly be increased.

Now, this raised a most serious question, serious for all of us who make periodicals, serious for all of you who advertise in them, and for all of you who exercise your ingenuity and skill in obtaining advertisements for them. It was met promptly and to great effect with analyses of the figures presented, and with due insistence upon the undoubted fact that the greatest service now rendered to the whole people is this very one whose contraction was proposed. So far, so good. But other things were done that were less creditable. One publisher of agricultural papers violently assailed what he falsely designated as the "Taft tax," and appealed to the rapacity of his readers to induce them to threaten their Representatives. Him we need not consider. His action, persisted in, even after its iniquity had been made clear to his mind by the House Committee, served only to place him

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among undesirable citizens. There we will leave him.

But here is the strange thing. Among all the pages that have been printed upon this subject by our public journals, I have not been able to find a single line to indicate that there is any basis or reason whatsoever for even considering the matter. Now, I don't want the rate of postage increased. As a publisher, having about all I can do to make ends meet as it is, I am opposed to the suggestion, primarily, not, as some are, for the sake of the people, but for the sake of my own pocket. I can sympathize with those more altruistic than myself who are affected, not by sordid commercial considerations, but by a sense of resentment that the masses should by any possibility be deprived of the great advantages which they now derive through the dissemination of pure literature upon the existing quite reasonable terms.

But not feeling certain that I have a divine appointment to guide the good people and incidentally profit from so doing, I cannot enter that plea. I oppose the measure because I do not want, and cannot comfortably afford, to pay any more than I am paying now. And since everybody else who has invested money and brains, under certain conditions established

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by the government, is regarded kindly, I assert an equal right to fair consideration of—shall I utter the hateful words?—well, anyhow, be results what they may!—fair consideration of the rightful claims of a vested interest.

Whether or not there is an actual deficit from the postal service is not, to my mind, material. Nor can I perceive any sound objection to an effort, on the part of the government, to derive a surplus from this source of revenue as well as from any other. What I think can be insisted upon rightfully and properly is maintenance of good faith between government and citizens. Many changes have been made in postal rates since the department was established, but never once in more than one hundred years have these rates been increased. Invariably they have been reduced. A succession of precedents extending over so long a period would constitute a law in England. Here they should, and I believe do, in all fairness and honor, establish a policy. Upon that just assumption large sums of money have been invested and great businesses have been built up. To depart from a policy so clearly implied and so firmly grounded might be construed an act of bad faith on the part of the government toward those who have naturally and justifiably

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accepted and relied upon the continuance of a policy definitely fixed by a line of precedents unbroken in more than a century of time. As publishers and advertisers having large interests at stake, I feel that we can take this position and maintain it frankly, squarely, and successfully.

Nevertheless, as an editor, as a journalist, hesitating to assert what may not be true, I am not prepared to insist that there is nothing whatever to be said on the other side, much less to declare that there is no other side. I cannot be convinced that, because the President has brought the matter to the attention of Congress, he has necessarily, as some put it, "betrayed the nation." Neither can I honestly deduce from the action of Congressmen in giving the subject the consideration which they are bound to do under the Constitution that they are, as some declare, the tools of corporations, the minions of express and railway companies, or even the enemies of the people. Is it not a simple fact that the adoption of such tactics, however effective they may seem to be, by those who have assumed the responsibility of molding public opinion, is unjust and unworthy, if not, indeed, dishonorable? And, if so, does it not mark a sharp line of cleavage between



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recognition of common interest and subservience to self-interest that may well be regarded with respect to other public questions in the future?

Now, gentlemen, I have spoken of the moral obligation of those of us who conduct public journals. It is direct and it is serious. But it is not confined to editors and publishers. It rests also upon all of you who, through the bestowal of your support and patronage, make it possible for public journals to exist at all. Much carping is heard at times over the so-called dominance of the counting-room. Frankly I do not believe such influence is exerted unduly upon any reputable newspaper or magazine. Moreover, there is no little humbug in the implication. The advertiser feeds the mill; it is not only his right, but his duty, to scrutinize the grist. I suspect that I would be of the last to permit a customer to dictate a policy, but when a patron honestly feels that my policy is harmful to the community or even injurious to his own interests, clearly I have no cause of complaint when he withdraws his support of what I may consider to be right, but what he believes to be wrong. Furthermore, as I have said, when that divergence of opinion applies to the public weal, such withdrawal is more than a privilege; it is an obligation of patriotism.

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Gentlemen, we are all in the same business—we who manufacture, you who furnish the wherewithal, you who, as active intermediaries, lend effective aid to both. It is more than a legitimate occupation. It is a high and honorable calling. Together, with single purpose, with tolerance of one another's honest opinions, with constant regard to our mutual obligations as citizens of the great Republic to which we owe our inestimable blessings, together let us hold fast to those ideals of business and professional honor which now constitute the basis of our very existence and point the way to yet wider prosperity, yet nobler success.

## VII

### THE SOUTH AND THE NATION

*To the St. Andrews Society of Charleston, S. C.,  
November 30, 1904*

I HAVE not come here to talk about Scotchmen, nor about Yankees, nor about any similar indigestible securities that, in the language of the toast to which I respond, may linger in your midst. The glorious past of not only the Scotch but the descendants of the Scotch is vivid with inspiration. The future of such a race whose sturdy qualities have evoked the admiration of all mankind, and we trust have won the sympathetic respect of an all-wise Providence, is a topic capable of graphic and prophetic portrayal. To others, however, better equipped with knowledge of history and more distinctively blessed with the gift of omniscience, I leave these pleasing tasks. I have come here in response to your most gracious and wholly unrestricted invitation with the deliberate purpose of talking politics.

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It is of the present, the sentient, throbbing present, surcharged with dread of evil and hope of good, that I, a Scotch Yankee, wish to speak to you, my cousins by lineage and my brothers by sympathy. I have a right to address a Southern audience. The first of my ancestors to arrive in this country landed in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century. The last of my ancestors born in another country came from Scotland in the nineteenth century. My two grandfathers hewed out their homes in the wilderness of Vermont nearly a hundred years ago. In those days, the least of evils to be apprehended was race suicide, and many were the sons and grandsons to whom fell the duty and the honor of sustaining the beliefs and maintaining the traditions of those earnest men. The community was less narrow socially than politically, but there was surely no advantage to any resident in affiliating himself with a small minority. Despite this environment and the drawbacks attendant upon it, neither of those two men nor any one of their many descendants, to the best of my knowledge and belief, ever voted for a candidate for public office who was not a Democrat. At the outbreak of the Civil War, of my immediate ancestors living, were two grandfathers, my own father and nine

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uncles. They were Northern men. Not one of them had ever crossed the Mason and Dixon line. They regarded any form of slavery with abhorrence, but not one of those twelve men ever lifted a hand against his white brother in the South. From their meager store and from necessity, eleven of them furnished the Federal government with the sums of money fixed for the procurement of substitutes. One uncle, perhaps the best able of the twelve to do so, absolutely refused, and chewed the cud of bitter reflection for nearly two years in the county jail. I make no boast of their action. I claim for them no credit. Whether, at that time, under those circumstances I should have done as they did, I do not know, but the facts are family history and constitute the basis of my assertion that I have an absolute and unqualified right to speak to you men of the South the words of a fraternal heart.

Whether or not it be precisely true that the darkest hour is that which immediately precedes the breaking of the dawn, it is a fact established and recognized by history that what seems at first to be an overwhelming and irremediable political disaster often proves in the end to have been not only a triumph but a blessing. Such, in my judgment, from the viewpoint of both

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our common country and our specific party, will be the eventuality of our recent national election. The causes which induced the great Republican majority have been variously stated. The cohesive strength of the organization, the attraction of a dashing personality, the apprehension of a disturbance of fairly satisfactory conditions, the feeling that work in the Philippines and Panama had been well begun and should be continued—each of these elements undoubtedly contributed its share to the general result. But the fundamental, underlying cause, more potent than all of these combined, was a deep-seated conviction in the minds of thinking men that the National Democratic party has not in recent years demonstrated a capacity to govern wisely and well. And, having in mind particularly its record for the past twelve years, can we honestly deny the existence of a reasonable justification for that belief? Personally, I do not think the Democratic party has been properly equipped to govern the nation since the Civil War. It became and still continues to be an aggregation of odds and ends, of shreds of theories and patches of practicability. Mr. Cleveland, by virtue of the universal confidence in his personal integrity and of his unsurpassed adroitness in attracting to himself all elements

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of dissatisfaction, from the very rich to the very poor, from the doctrinaire to the unprofessed anarchist, won two notable triumphs, but those were *his* victories, not his party's, and the ultimate effect was logical and inevitable. The organization became so weakened that it was seized with no great difficulty by a faction, which in turn made for disruption and defeat. This year control passed back to the East, an unexceptionable though uninspiring candidate was named, apparent unanimity of effort was put forth in the canvass, and overwhelming defeat ensued.

The West and the East have had their opportunities for forty years and have failed. Now what of the South? Here the Democratic party had its birth, here it produced a line of statesmen such as no nation has ever known. Of the fifteen administrations ending in 1861, all but two were Democratic, and of these thirteen terms nine were served by Southern men and six by the founders of the party—Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe. While the South, as represented by these great men, was in the saddle there was no suggestion of unfitness to govern. Adherence to principle, sagacity in statesmanship, conservatism in action, faithful endeavor in the interests of the

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entire country won and held the confidence of the people to such a degree that, through all the vicissitudes of internecine strife and an unparalleled succession of reverses at the polls, that great party survived, still lives, and, please God, shall never die.

But while the East and West have alternately and with the precision of the setting sun carried the party down to defeat, what has the South been doing? You have taken whatever has been offered to you and with hardly a wry face. If free silver was tendered, you swallowed that; if the gold standard, you took that; protection or free trade, a radical or a conservative candidate, big navies or little navies, big sticks or mellow flutes, whatever grist came to your mill was accepted so long as it bore the party label. You are sometimes called, and, I think, unquestionably are, in some respects a masterful and intolerant community, but was such patient bending to the yoke as this ever before exhibited by a free and enlightened people? I am aware of the local condition which gave rise to and perhaps made necessary this abdication of authority even in the councils of the party created by your ancestors, but I ask you if the time is not now at hand to come back into your own, to claim the opportunity exercised so long



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and so disastrously by others, to reassert the broad statesmanship of the past and to blaze the way for a return to the sturdy principles of the Fathers?

Is such an achievement possible? Has the time really come for action, positive yet conservative, resolute yet wise, that may with reason be hoped to be crowned with success?

These are vital, practical questions, to be answered, not by enthusiastic intuition, but by frank, sane consideration. What then are the present circumstances? In what respects do they differ from those of the past?

In the first place, you are prosperous. Soon you will be rich. In a bare score of years the output of your mines, factories, and fields has increased more than two billions of dollars or more than trebled, you mine 66,000,000 tons of coal as against six millions in 1880, you have two hundred million dollars invested in cotton-mills instead of twenty millions, you cut and sell five times as much lumber, you support 65,000 miles of excellent railways instead of 20,000 miles of streaks of rust. The poverty-stricken South of the past has disappeared. You have taken your place by the side of the opulent East and the hustling West—and your progress has been so steady, so well grounded,

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that it cannot fail to continue and expand. All agree that this splendid material advancement has but just begun, and yet you have already won the right to be heard with respect and to speak with the authority of the well-to-do rather than with the meekness of the poor. You had the birth and breeding; you now have the wealth, which in an Anglo-Saxon community has ever been essential to proper recognition and the full exercise of rightful prerogatives.

Let us now consider the sentimental change which has been wrought in the attitude of your neighbors toward yourselves. In the course of constant reading of Southern journals and in the exercise of too few opportunities of talking with Southern men, I find frequent resentful references to what is termed sometimes the bigotry, sometimes the unfairness, of the people who live in the Middle and New England States. Lest we forget, may it not be desirable from time to time to make enlightening contrasts? It is not so long ago that the bloody shirt was practically the sole issue in a national campaign. Even within my own recollection, and I was yet unborn when Robert E. Lee received back from the hands of General Grant the sword he had tendered him, there lives the memory of fervid and rabid speeches by Republican orators such

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as now nowhere from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, would be considered worthy of a man of intelligence and sensibility. The burden of the cry was invariably the necessity and the righteousness of forcing into the ballot-box the vote of the negro. The sores engendered by that great strife continued to be as poignant there as you know them to have been here. Could in reason anything except time have been expected to heal those wounds, and has not time done it? Is there not plainly observable perhaps even more clearly to the thousands of Southern men who have found their homes in Northern communities, a new and fraternal consideration, a spirit of helpfulness in place of a feeling of vengeful reprisal? Have not facts come to be recognized as necessary to be reckoned with? Have not conditions, misapprehended for years, sunk deep into the minds and the hearts of your fellow-citizens in Northern communities?

Nearly two years ago Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, one of the three foremost statesmen of his party and a partisan of partisans, stood up before his fellow-members of the Union League Club in New York, that uncompromising association which was the most conspicuous outgrowth of its kind of that great struggle for

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supremacy, and solemnly declared that the policy which had been adopted and pursued with vehemence, if not vindictiveness, for so many years, must be abandoned. "The country," he said, "has to face a failure of the plan which was adopted at the conclusion of the Civil War to lift the blacks from the condition in which they were left when they were freed from slavery, by conferring upon them suffrage. Their right to aspire to office under the Federal government which was formerly unquestioned is now questioned, and it is probably but a matter of time, not so long a time, when the overwhelming sentiment of the white man will succeed in excluding the black from all the offices in the Southern States." When Mr. Root thus spoke of the overwhelming sentiment of the white man he meant, and every one of his hearers knew that he meant, the white man of the North as well as the white man of the South. Let your memories run back a score of years, or even half a score of years, and tell me if such an utterance from such a source would have been conceivable at that time. Would any man of Mr. Root's position have had the hardihood to venture it, or from a sense of profound conviction having done so, would he not have faced the certain ostracism of his party? Could he

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have hoped ever to aspire to an honor within the gift of that determined organization? And yet nearly two years ago what was the effect? Only the hearty applause of everybody who heard his words, indicating the universal relief felt that at last the true sentiment of the community had found an authoritative voice. The sympathetic consideration of your political brethren in the North you had long possessed, but was not this utterance a very long step toward the full appreciation by the entire community of the difficulties involved in the solution of the most trying problem that has ever confronted the American people? Moreover, were not those memorable words borne out in fact in the recent campaign? Was there anywhere a single line written or spoken throughout the entire North and West designed to arouse slumbering prejudice and inflame forgotten passions? If not, is there any possible logical deduction except that a great change has been wrought in the minds of those whom once you considered, and who considered themselves, your enemies?

There is in the community in which I live but one disposition toward the South, and that is, not to interfere, but to help. We do not believe that your great problem of reconciling perfect justice for all with the absolute suprem-

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acy, social and political, of the white race is insoluble. We cannot believe that God in His wisdom ever placed before His civilizing, Christianizing people an obstacle which they should be incapable of removing, but equally certain and true is our sincere conviction that the sympathetic co-operation of all, and not the endeavor however earnest and however kindly, of a portion, is essential to success. That is what we not only offer, but beg you to accept. We have no advice to give, no suggestions to make, further than to ask that you who have immediate personal responsibility shall proceed along the path of enlightenment and sternly repress any tendency, if such there be, to revert to methods which prevailed when dominant races were guilty of debasing rather than uplifting humanity. We believe that the children born within the borders of this great land, whatever their religion or color, should have equal opportunities for the acquirement of education and development of conscience and the refinement of manners and customs which follow in the wake of knowledge. We believe that life and property by whomsoever rightfully possessed should be protected by the State, and that none should ever, under any circumstances, be deprived of either except by due process of law soberly and

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justly, though rigorously, firmly and promptly administered. We believe that no barrier should ever be placed in the path of any human being who is earnestly striving for industrial and spiritual advantage. We believe that intelligence is easier to deal with than ignorance.

England suffers from the tyranny of trade-unionism because her aristocracy has refused education to her laborers. It is not uncommon for students of our industrial progress to predict a like fateful dominance within our own borders. That there have been manifestations of such a tendency no observant person can deny. Ours is a commercial nation; it must rise or fall with its industries. Disturbances of any kind, but especially those involving strife between labor and capital, are most to be deplored, but we have a right to feel and are justified from experience in expecting that such difficulties will be only transitory, that the mighty force of education now making itself felt most noticeably upon both capital and labor will safeguard not only the interests of the people, but of the Republic itself. The future of this great country, sprung almost in a day from infancy to manhood and growing by leaps and bounds at a pace never known before in the history of the world, lies in our public schools. So long as they continue to

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be free and open to all, and so long as good citizenship requires that the advantages thus afforded be availed of, we may look forward with more than hope, with certainty, of the ultimate triumph of righteous contentment over evil tendencies. In this aspiration there is certainly no sectionalism. It is universal and as broad as the country itself. That it animates every right-thinking man, whether of the North, South, East or West, I would not for a moment permit myself to doubt. We may differ as to methods, but if our common purpose be to ennoble mankind, we need be only considerate, one of another's honest opinions, and it is for that tolerance I plead.

I have digressed somewhat from the political proposals which I ventured at the beginning, but the digression is more apparent than real for the reason that these purposes, these aspirations, are the fundamental requirements, no less of political success than of personal and public advancement. What then, speaking more practically, is the prospect of the great party founded by Jefferson, grown in the South and still upheld by four millions of loyal citizens in the North and West?

We speak of the recent Republican victory as overwhelming, and so it seemed in its first effect,



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but in magnitude it was by no means without precedent. The Democratic party has suffered greater reverses than this, and promptly recovered when itself became worthy and the country felt its need. Judge Parker will receive at least 133 and probably 140 votes in the Electoral College. In 1840 only 60 votes were cast for the Democratic candidate, in 1864 but 21, in 1868 but 80, and in 1872 only 63. History affords no reason therefore for believing that the Democratic party is dead or is going to die, but when such an organization, through force of circumstances, becomes as I have depicted this—perhaps without full justification—an aggregation of odds and ends, shreds and patches, the work of rejuvenation must begin at the bottom, and the only foundation upon which to build, if the approval of the American people is to be obtained, is a moral force. I maintain that, in the election which has just taken place, and whose general result has been regarded by many with despair, such a beginning has been made. It is not so much that many States which gave to Mr. Roosevelt a large majority, elected Democratic Governors. Similar instances, although less noticeable, are well within the memory of us all. What is significant, and most significant, in this seemingly paradoxical

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result, is that the cause in each and every case was a popular revolt based upon moral grounds. Mr. Folk was elected Governor of Missouri upon a moral issue. Mr. Douglas's 35,000 majority in Massachusetts against 80,000 for the Republican National ticket was due to the fact that he stood for the welfare of the many as against that of the few. Mr. Johnson won in Minnesota, overcoming the enormous Republican majority of 125,000, and Mr. Toole won in Montana because they stood squarely for and personally embodied the principles of Thomas Jefferson. Not a whit less significant, although of less practical effect, are the facts that the Republican National candidate polled in excess of the votes for Republican candidates for Governor, in New York nearly 100,000, in Michigan 110,000, in New Jersey 20,000, in Rhode Island 15,000, in West Virginia 16,000, and in Wisconsin 75,000. They were all Republican States this year. In each of them, despite the fact that some were not successful, the Democratic candidate won a victory, and without exception it was a moral victory, a triumph of right over wrong, an indication of unwavering fidelity of the American people to the dictates of conscience.

Herein lies the lesson for the future. Henceforth let every issue be a moral issue. Let us

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have no further appeals or catering to any specific odds or ends or shreds or patches, and of all things let us not arouse the resentment, just or unjust, of our countrymen by refusing to recognize the personal integrity of an opponent. The Republican National success has been spoken of as sectional, and some color is given to the assertion by the fact that in my own native State of Vermont Judge Parker did not carry a single town. But it was not a sectional victory, and it was not a plutocratic victory or a success achieved by the use of money; it was Theodore Roosevelt's own personal triumph, based upon the belief that he is an honest and able man. I hold no brief for Theodore Roosevelt the partisan. I am utterly opposed to his apparent, and I doubt not sincere, conviction that those who are most governed are the best governed. Moreover, I recognize and could point out with greater or less lucidity certain disqualifications of which I believe him to be possessed, but despite all of these, to my mind, uncommendable attributes, I do not hesitate to say that I have the utmost respect for Theodore Roosevelt the man. That he has made many mistakes I know, you know, and he knows. That he has given offense unnecessarily and without just cause we all ap-

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preciate because it is an undeniable fact. That he regrets any such mistake that he may have made, laments any such offense he may have given, and would rejoice in the exercise of an opportunity to make all amends within his power, consistent with his own sense of duty, I, for one, do not for a moment doubt. Of all men with whom I have ever been in any way intimately acquainted, I have never known one who wanted to do right more than Theodore Roosevelt. If there is any rational basis for this judgment, which at any rate is shared by many, is there not here a call to generous minds for tolerance? Is a man never to be forgiven for one, or even two or three errors? Have we forgotten the distinction made in the Scriptural injunction between seven and seventy times seven? Cannot some mistakes, whether of temperament or judgment, be overlooked? Must absolute perfection be expected from a very human individual? Moreover, is it wise to condemn inflexibly one from whom much good may at least be hoped? If it be true that benevolent despotism has been established for a time by a vast majority of the people, is it the part of sagacious common sense to eliminate the benevolence and leave only the tyranny? "From Theodore Roosevelt," said a prominent

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Southern editor, while the bitterness of defeat still rested upon his spirit, "we ask no quarter and expect none." An individual expression is of little consequence and cannot be expected to bear much fruit, but I am free to say that I, for one, should feel only contempt for myself if I failed on this occasion to declare an utter lack of sympathy with what seems to me a most narrow, unnecessary, and unwise defiance. There do come times when chivalric men can well afford to let bygones go, look hopefully and forbearingly to the future and act accordingly. In all fairness and kindness and righteousness, is not this one of those times? In any case, the most effective and the only way to remedy whatever, to the Democratic mind, President Roosevelt represents that is wrong is to up-build the Democratic party, and this cannot be accomplished if we permit an unforgiving spirit to dominate the soul of wisdom.

My friends, the Republican party is facing the most critical period in its history. Its power is so great and yet so concentrated that it threatens itself. President Roosevelt has pledged the accomplishment of many things and will attempt many more. None is too great to daunt that resolute spirit, none too minute to enlist his attention. We are about to behold the mar-

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velous spectacle of one mind trying to solve all the complicated problems of nearly a hundred millions of human beings of every race, in every clime, within the short space of four years. It is indeed a strenuous undertaking. It may be crowned with success; it may not. One prediction we may venture without hesitation. The experiment will be enormously expensive. Already Secretary Morton demands \$114,000,000 immediately for the navy, and it is only a first call at that. Merely to carry out the administration's programme, to enable it to fulfil its ante-election pledges, irrespective of the many additional benevolent thoughts that will come to mind from time to time, hundreds of millions must be had for the Philippines, Panama, irrigation, armies, subsidies, rivers, harbors, pensions—hundreds of millions more than were ever raised before. "If I had a thousand a year," was the plaintive refrain of a once popular song. "If I had a billion a year" will soon be but as a bagatelle to the actual requirements of the venerable Uncle who personifies the Nation. In this age great deeds call for great sums. Where are they to come from? Is a miracle to be wrought or are the people to feel in their sensitive pockets, well before another Presidential election, the exac-

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tions of a government of regal splendor? And may not Democratic simplicity and economy some day find their preference? Is the tariff to be revised? And if so, upward or downward? We shall see. Are the trusts to be curbed effectually without restraining industrial progress? We shall see. In respect to these and the many other features of this splendid programme, they may hope. But we shall see.

One fact is certain! Whatever may be the result of the inevitable struggle between an impatient President and reluctant representatives of special interests, it behooves the Democratic party to take heed from the fate of the foolish virgins. Now is the time and you of the South are the men to act with promptness and wisdom. You are the mainstay, the living reality of Democracy. So many of us in the North come so near being Republicans in practice and so many of us in the West come so near being Populists in theory that the leadership rightfully belongs to the only section of the party which has kept the faith without suffering contamination, and under whose direction in the past the people enjoyed their greatest growth, their widest prosperity. The time is fitting. The blight of half a century is off the South.

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You have your manufactures, your mines, your agriculture, your railroads, your steamships, your schools, your happy homes, your Christian spirit—you have all that we have and more, because you have our respect and sympathy to a greater degree than we have yours. We ask you to take up the ark of the covenant and bear it to victory as of old. We seek now to follow, requiring only that forbearance which is the first attribute of brotherhood. Do not, we implore, insist that we must manifest no interest in your affairs or you in ours. Your problems are our problems, your hopes are our hopes, your fears our fears, and ours are yours. I appeal to you not to put up warning hands and say, "Thus far but no farther," but with the whole-hearted, trustful, fraternal and generous spirit of chivalric natures, stretch your arms away over the line and bid us welcome. "To alleviate the cares of life; to endear men to one another, and, by mutual assistance and advice, to prevent or remedy those evils which are incident to our condition"—those are the words of the founders of this, the oldest society of its honored name in the country, uttered nearly two hundred years ago. They are our words, our prayer, to you to-day. We gladly concede your right to lead; we only ask that you bear



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the banner of Jefferson along the broad path of tolerance and enlightenment, of progress and Christianity, of belief in man and faith in God, out of the darkness of despair of the past into the sunlight of hope for the future.

## VIII

### A GOVERNMENT OF LAWS

*To the Sons of St. Patrick of Charleston, S. C.,  
March 18, 1906*

ONE overpowering question now confronts the American people. Shall they rule themselves, or shall they be ruled? Shall their sovereignty continue to be popular, however inadequate, or become paternal, however beneficial? Shall it be a government of the people or by the people, a government based upon principle, or a government relying upon expediency? The founders of the Republic believed they had settled this question for all time when they conceived the idea of withholding from the National government the exercise of all functions not specifically conceded by the people and the States, and it was in conformity with that decision that Washington put aside the proffered crown—the symbol of centralized authority—and Massachusetts wrote into her organic law those memorable words:

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“To the end that this may be a government of laws and not of men.”

Upon that rock the Fathers builded the Constitution of the United States, jealously safeguarding personal liberty, guaranteeing to life and property the protection of self-government, giving first consideration to true interpretation of written law, maintaining the rightful force of precedent and tradition, leaving the correction of temporary evils to natural remedies, reposing faith in the ability of each community to solve its own problems, and regarding no question as settled “until settled right.”

The results that have ensued, even to the excessive prosperity of which happily we are now able to complain, would seem to prove the wisdom of the conclusion reached by those elder statesmen; and yet we are told by those now in executive authority that the time has come when the great body of citizens, convinced of the essential inadequacy of that original policy to meet the requirements of new conditions, demand that the pendulum be swung back and that the Federal government be vested with plenary power.

Secretary Root marked the tendency, and President Roosevelt not only accepts but reaches eagerly for the responsibility. The former, in

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the course of his memorable declaration in New York, after noting the "gradual passing of control into the hands of the National government," and summarizing "further projects tending more and more to obliteration of State lines," frankly added:

"It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the National government, and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure *sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the National government.*"

Constructions of the Constitution are made by the Supreme Court. The justices comprising that august tribunal, designed by the Fathers to hold final authority exceeding that of either the Executive or the Congress, are named by the President. One member of the cabinet, in avowed sympathy with the "tendency" noted by the Secretary of State, has just been designated; another, it is well understood, awaits appointment as chief justice. A member of the great court nominated by the Chief Magistrate who voted against the contention of the administration in a famous case was de-

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nounced as "disloyal." What are we to infer? That "constructions" of the Constitution "will be found, sooner or later," by justices of purely judicial temperament, bent solely upon correct interpretation, or by mere prejudiced puppets of the executive arm of the government?

"It is useless," declared the Secretary of State, "for the advocate of State rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States." But nobody has inveighed against either the supremacy or application of "constitutional laws"; it is the adroit, avowed and almost treasonable challenge of our fundamental law that evokes condemnation. It is also "useless," according to the Secretary of State, to inveigh "against the extension of National authority in the fields of necessary control." Against *constitutional* extension of such authority? No. It is the admittedly *unconstitutional* extension that makes for apprehension; that is, admittedly unconstitutional until "constructions" shall be "found." When, if ever, that sinister prophecy shall have come to pass, there will be no occasion to stand steadfastly for or inveigh against a Constitution that will have become as dead as the laws of Medes and Persians.

But we are told that Secretary Root's words

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were not meant to convey a threat of usurpation by the Federal authority as at present constituted; that they bore no more than a friendly warning, a gentle hint to the various commonwealths to be up and doing and pass laws to conform with the policy of the administration—or take the consequences. It is a distinction with no great difference apparent to average vision. But it was not necessary for the Secretary of State to avow intent; the President had already done so when at Harrisburg he said, in unmistakable terms:

“We need, through executive action, through legislation and through *judicial interpretation and construction of law, to increase the power of the Federal government. If we fail thus to increase it we show our impotence.*”

Again, he indorsed the explicit declaration:

“Whatever can be safely left to the States should be left to them, but where the interests of the Nation require action on the part of the Federal authorities, such action should not be withheld on grounds of mere abstract theory.”

The Constitution having sunk to the level of “mere abstract theory,” it is not surprising that the President should utterly ignore the fact that such powers as are now vested in the Federal government were held originally by the States

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and were surrendered voluntarily by them for a definite purpose; and that all others were specifically reserved. In the phrase "whatever can safely be left to them" we find a plain implication of purpose not to ask that additional authority be delegated, after the manner provided by the Constitution, but to take it virtually by force. This is very far from being mere disregard of "abstract theory"; it is in flat violation of a solemn compact, frankly derisive of the binding force of contractual obligations, and is based upon the false and dangerous assumption that it is the Nation, and not the States, that possesses the right to give or take away.

We have no need to inquire who is to determine when and in what respect local governments shall have failed to perform their functions properly; there is but one fount of true wisdom, but one abiding-place of relentless virtue left to this benighted land.

It is no cause of surprise, therefore, that such a ruler should telegraph to his cabinet minister:

*"I do not care in the least for the fact that such an agreement is unconstitutional."*

True, the Constitution thus spat upon was not that of the United States, but of Cuba—an instrument which our government had participated in framing, had expressly approved and

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by plain implication promised to sustain. The assertion, therefore, was not treasonable, but it does clearly indicate a frame of mind which spurns restraint of even organic law; incidentally, moreover, it was the most gratuitous and insulting utterance respecting a friendly neighbor and helpless ward that ever emanated from the lips of an American President.

In his latest fulmination at Cambridge, the President gave passing notice to the "curious revival of the doctrine of State rights," and impugned the motives of those who had raised it at this inopportune time, declaring that their real purpose was "to protect State corporate creations in predatory activities." The names of these marauders were not mentioned, but fortunately they are well known. Those most conspicuous from one branch of public service are Justices Brewer and Harlan, of the Supreme Court, and Justice Brown, of Pennsylvania; from another, Senator John C. Spooner, who pronounced Secretary Root's deliverance "altogether unprecedented and full of startling suggestions, to say the least"; Senator Joseph B. Foraker, who found such "advocacy of the centralization of power" destructive of "wise constitutional limitations," and Congressman Samuel W. McCall, who denounced "the prop-



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osition to take by 'construction' powers not expressly granted by the Federal Constitution" as "only a part of the unending conflict between autocracy and liberty."

True the ebullient young Senator from Indiana leaps to the defense of his idol with the ringing definition:

"What is the Nation? It is the American people in the mass."

Chief-Justice John Marshall used the same term in another sense when he declared that "no political dreamer" would ever be "wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States, and of compounding the American people into one common mass."

Even Abraham Lincoln unwittingly invited the wrath of an impatient successor by asserting in his first inaugural:

"To maintain inviolate the rights of the States to order and control under the Constitution their own affairs by their own judgment exclusively is essential for the preservation of that balance of power on which our institutions rest."

Nearly if not quite as happy in expression as Senator Beveridge, Governor Cummins, of Iowa, solemnly asseverated:

"I believe with Secretary Root that the failure

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on the part of the various commonwealths to do their full duty in bringing their legislation into harmony with existing conditions will necessarily result in the usurpation of functions by the general government."

It may well be suspected that the incautious Governor's ears burned at about the time Secretary Root's eye lit upon the word "usurpation"—and yet it is a strong, meaningful term, and Mr. Cummins can find an excellent precedent for its use in the farewell address to the people of the United States of George Washington, now become the grandfather of his country, who said:

"If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield."

Yet more directly applicable to the "tendency" of the moment was Thomas Jefferson's

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contemplation with satisfaction of what he described as "our peculiar security in the possession of a written Constitution not made a blank paper by *construction*."

But the worst mollicoddle of all was Daniel Webster. "States' rights," declared the President at Cambridge, "should be preserved when they mean the people's rights, but not when they mean the people's wrongs." What would the great expounder of the Constitution have said to this wily and disingenuous declaration? What *did* he say to a precisely similar and equally specious assertion—namely, that criticism of the Executive should be "subject to the restraints of truth and justice," contained in President Jackson's protest in 1837? "But, sir," he demanded, "who is to be the judge of this truth and justice? Are the people to judge for themselves, or are others to judge for them?" So, who can doubt that if living to-day Daniel Webster again would want to know, not whether, for example, the imposition of a divorce law upon South Carolina by Federal authority would be desirable, but who should be the judge of its desirability—a far-away Executive or the people themselves concerned? And who can doubt that he would continue to-day as he did continue seventy years ago with this splendid utterance:

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“The first object of a free people is the preservation of their liberty; and liberty is only to be preserved by maintaining constitutional restraints and just divisions of political power. Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretense of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but all republics, all governments of law, must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and many qualified rights. In other words, they must be subject to rule and regulation. This is the very essence of free political institutions. The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit, it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defenses, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent, and patriotic purpose come along with it.”

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These are not the words of present-day molly-coddles, sneeringly alluded to as bowing before the fetish of States' rights; they are the firm and everlasting declarations of the great Nationalist, whose insistence that the indestructible States had welded themselves into a no less indestructible Union ultimately required the arbitrament of the sword. One can almost hear that mighty voice ringing again to-night:

"I do not wish, sir, to impair the power of the President as it stands written down in the Constitution, and as great and good men have hitherto exercised it. In this, as in other respects, I am for the Constitution as it is. But I will not acquiesce in the reversal of all just ideas of government; I will not degrade the character of popular representation; I will not blindly confide where all experience admonishes me to be jealous; I will not trust executive power, vested in the hands of a single magistrate, to be the guardian of liberty."

We may, nevertheless, admit that if Daniel Webster were now living, and could be assured of a continuance of monopoly of public virtue embodied in a single personality, he would look into the future with calm confidence. But life, however earnest, is short, and history teaches the necessity of considering succession. In the

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ordinary course of human events, especially in the turmoil and excitement and misapprehension of a National political contest, an error might be made, and one might be chosen by the Nation as its Chief Magistrate who should combine in himself qualities of profession so inconsistent with his practices as to create general distrust and constitute a real menace to the stability and permanence of our National institutions; one, for instance, who, while demanding vehemently that all should be doers and builders, himself should be the most striking exemplar of constant undoing and persistent tearing down; one who should sternly denounce all critics, though himself the most censorious of persons; one who should sneer at opponents for antagonizing radicalism instead of proposing actual reforms, while himself forced to appropriate the notions of political antagonists; one who should hold aloft the banner of idealism and simultaneously trade with those notoriously corrupt; one who, while urging the necessity of individual achievement, should encourage socialism by inviting attack upon accumulations of wealth which are the natural results of the very individual endeavors thus advocated; one whose sense of personal righteousness should so far overpower his sense of personal charitable-

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ness as to induce frequent denunciation of those disagreeing with him as wilful, malicious, and unqualified prevaricators; one who should, while constantly railing at trusts, yet shield with the utmost care the sacred tariff breeder of them all; one who should deplore political contributions from corporations, yet raise to the most powerful position in his government one who had sought and obtained them; one quicker than any other to castigate the beneficiaries of a violation of trust, firmer than any other in demanding restitution of diverted funds, yet painfully silent respecting the disposition of large sums of money taken from policy-holders and used to insure, not the lives of the insured, but the election of a President.

It was a ruler such as this beyond a doubt that Webster refused to constitute the guardian of liberty—a ruler such as Jackson, whom he had in mind, and of whom, in Sumner's admirable biography, we find words well worthy of prayerful consideration at this time.

"Jackson," says his biographer, "held that his re-election was a triumphant vindication of him in all the points in which he had been engaged in controversy with anybody, and a kind of charter to him, as representative, or, rather, tribune, of the people, to go on and govern on

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his own judgment over and against everybody, including Congress. His attitude toward the Supreme Court, his discontent with the Senate, his construction of his duties under the Constitution, all things, great and small, were held to be covered and passed upon by the voice of the people in his re-election. . . . The Jeffersonian non-interference theories were now all left far behind. Jacksonian democracy was approaching already the Napoleonic type of the democratic empire, in which the elect of the Nation is charged to protect the State against everybody, chiefly, however, against any constitutional organs. . . . Up to that time the Supreme Court had not failed to pursue the organic development of the Constitution, and it had, on every occasion on which it was put to the test, proved the bulwark of constitutional liberty, by the steadiness with which it had established the interpretation of the Constitution, and checked every partial and interested effort to wrest the instrument from its true character. . . . Jackson's appointments introduced the mode of action by the Executive, through the selection of the judges, on the interpretation of the Constitution of the Supreme Court. . . . During Jackson's second term the growth of the Nation in wealth and prosperity was very great. It was just be-



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cause there was an immeasurable source of National life in the physical circumstances, and in the energy of the people, that the political follies and abuses could be endured."

So we perceive that there is no novelty in our present situation. In Jackson's time, as to-day, despite the excellent general conditions, there were constant manifestations of dissatisfaction and unrest, and the dispassionate historian does not hesitate to attribute them to Jackson's character and example.

"Great parties," he continues, "did not organize on the important political questions. Men were led off on some petty side-issue, or they attached themselves to a great man, with whom they hoped to come to power. One feels that there must have been a desire to say to them: No doubt the thing you have taken up as your hobby is fairly important, but why not pursue your reformatory and philanthropic work outside of politics? The truth was that nearly all the cliques wanted to reach their object by the short cut of legislation; that is, to force other people to do what they were convinced it was a wise thing to do, and a great many also wanted to make political capital out of their 'causes.'"

It was this condition of affairs, so precisely analogous to that of the present, that inspired

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Webster's stern denunciation of those, in places high or low, who, instead of inciting individual endeavor, feed the fires of socialism.

"There are persons," he declared, "who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation, and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations, and all the means by which small capitals become united, in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke up the fountains of industry, and dry all its streams.

"In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else, they rend the air with the shouting of agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond all parallel, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave. Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing, sir, but to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of cor-

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rupt principles, and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society. A licentiousness of feeling and of action is sometimes produced by prosperity itself. Men cannot always resist the temptation to which they are exposed by the very abundance of the bounties of Providence, and the very happiness of their own condition."

Here we have a perfect picture of our present situation. Prosperity, aided by a President, has produced a licentiousness of feeling and action, a desire to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor and the promulgation of agrarian doctrines; complaints of oppression and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth have provoked hostility to established institutions, and outcries against the combining of small capitals to produce beneficial results bid fair to choke up the fountains of industry and dry all its streams. Already, as an immediate effect of a whirlwind of hostile legislation incited throughout the country by the declarations of the President and the "warnings" of the Secretary of State, capital has withdrawn its essential support, money cannot be had to provide adequate means of transportation, railway companies are called upon to make bricks without straw, and all enterprise is at a standstill in the

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face of the official boast of so much "already done" and the latest threat of a further "girding up of loins to do more." Because a few have done wrong, all must suffer; just discrimination has been thrown to the winds, and the end is not in sight. The President reiterates the assertion that he is still unconvinced of the necessity of serving a third term, but authorizes the positive announcement that no "reactionary" need apply for the Republican nomination. Andrew Jackson alone of all the recent Presidents was strong enough to name his successor at the end of an administration curiously like the present one in impetuous defiance of restraint and in the ferocity of its assaults upon what Mr. Webster aptly termed the "fountains of industry." That Mr. Roosevelt is equally potent, so far at least as his own party is concerned, there can be no doubt.

What will the harvest be? Let us turn for a parallel to the pages of history recording the immediate sequence of the Jackson administration and read as follows:

"A few days after Van Buren's inauguration the country was in the throes of the worst and most widespread financial panic it has ever seen. The distress was fairly appalling, both in its intensity and in its universal distribution.

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All the banks stopped payment, and bankruptcy was universal. . . . The efforts made by Benton and the other Jacksonians to stem the tide of public feeling and direct it through the well-worn channel of suspicious fear of, and anger at, the banks, as the true authors of general wretchedness, were unavailing; the stream swelled into a torrent, and ran like a mill-race in the opposite way. . . . But a few years before the Jacksonians had appealed to a senseless public dislike of the so-called 'money power,' in order to help themselves to victory, and now they had the chagrin of seeing an only less irrational outcry raised against themselves in turn, and used to oust them from their places. The people were more than ready to listen to any one who could point out, or pretend to point out, the authors of and the reasons for the calamities that had befallen them. Their condition was pitiable. . . . Trade was at a complete standstill; laborers were thrown out of employment and left almost starving; farmers, merchants, mechanics, craftsmen of every sort—all alike were in the direst distress."

Such is the veracious chronicle of Theodore Roosevelt, historian, of the aftermath of an administration in all respects strikingly similar to that under which we now live—similar in

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methodical attacks upon property, in appeals to envy and uncharitableness, in wanton extravagance, in the domineering characteristics of the Chief Executive, in his aloofness from the conservative branch of his own party, in his determination to obtain new constructions of the Constitution from justices appointed by himself, in faith in his own ability to make the people happy, in his assumption that he was constituted by them not their mere executive officer, but their tribune, in his very personal popularity and power.

"The harm," adds the historian, "was largely due to causes existing throughout the civilized world, and especially to the speculative folly rife among the whole American people; but," he significantly concludes, "it is always an easy and a comfortable thing to hold others responsible for what is primarily our own fault."

Thus spake the historian. Pray God that a like evasion of responsibility may not be forced upon a historian become President!

I have drawn upon the bitter experience of the past for a parallel designed to indicate the menace of living tendencies because it is necessary to make the portrayal distinct and clear. The line I would draw lies between impulse and reason, between hasty action and sober judg-

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ment, between practise of politics and aim at statesmanship, between too great heed of expediency and too little observance of principle, between attempts to regulate human destiny, from before the cradle to after the grave, and reliance upon natural causes and the patriotic spirit of American citizens.

I ask only, in conclusion, if we must anticipate a repetition of history in the designation by a second Jackson of a successor pledged to the continuance of arbitrary regulation and legislation by executive commissions, or shall an earnest effort at least be made to turn back our government into the safer path hewn by the Fathers of the Republic? Two years ago, in this city, I insisted that it was for the South to say, and I repeat the assertion now. No other section has remained loyal to the Democratic party; none other may in morals or precedent question its right to name the Democratic candidate and write the Democratic platform. But where will the South look for an alliance holding forth a hope of success? Will it turn to the East, whose great States proved at the latest elections that they await only an opportunity to renew their allegiance to the ancient faith, or will it turn to the West and assassinate both issue and prospects of success by pinning their

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faith to one whose voice has become a mere whispering echo of that of the new high apostle of radicalism, paternalism, and socialism? It is easy to sneer at the failure of the latest National appeal for safety and sanity, but it is vastly more difficult to mention another candidate who, in those peculiar circumstances, would have fared better. There may be and probably is little hope of immediate success on even the certain ground that every evil complained of was born of Republican rule; but surely there is none at all without an issue—with even the opportunity of appealing to reason, prudence, fidelity to tradition and faith in the ultimate triumph of idealism eliminated. We may at least be true, true to ourselves, true to the patriots who have died, true to those living who still insist that a popular government should not and shall not “perish from the face of the earth.”

Ireland! Of all the islands lifted by Nature's impelling hand from the bosom of the seas, none was more blessed by God; none has been so accursed by man. Throttled for generations by alien authority, whether of kings or parliaments, her fertile soil has dried from neglect, her fields have grown waste, her homes have been deserted, her strong men and women have



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perished in poverty and despair, her sons and daughters have been scattered over the face of the earth. While England's population was multiplying threefold, and America's was leaping from thirteen to eighty millions, Ireland's was cut in half, and now scarcely exceeds that of a single city in this young land. To-day, while dumbly awaiting the hour of deliverance, she bears eloquent testimony to the misery springing from a government *of*, but not *by*, the people. If to-night her voice could be wafted to these friendly shores, who can question the message it would bear? Who can doubt that it would sound in beseeching accents a prayer to us, her children and kinsmen, to heed the lesson taught by her own pitiable state and stand unwaveringly and unceasingly for the maintenance of that true home rule which is our priceless heritage from the Fathers of the Republic?

## IX

### WOE TO THEE, O LAND!

*To the Jefferson Society of New York, April 13, 1906*

MY text will be found in Ecclesiastes, tenth chapter, thirteenth and sixteenth verses:

“Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child. . . . The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness, and the end of his talk is mischievous madness.”

The preacher had in mind a ruler, not necessarily young in years, but boyish in mind, in temperament, in impetuosity, in love of excitement, in passion for notoriety, in heedless disregard of considerations born of sobriety and calmness; a daring leader, though an unsafe guide; a possessor of talents, but not of knowledge; noisy, confused, contradictory, inconsistent, illogical, irrational, yet so emphatic and insistent in expression as in effect to pose as the discoverer of all truths, while, in fact, only an enunciator of the principles or fallacies of others; maintaining each tenet with uncom-

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promising arrogance until compelled to abandon it and then shrouding retreat in impregnable ambiguity; a constructive statesman by profession, a destructive politician in practice; in seeming, a chivalric Orlando; in fact, a *Bombastes Furioso*!

Such the king whom the preacher depicted as likely to bring woe upon the land, whose talk beginning in foolishness ends in mischievous madness! Lest there arise any misunderstanding as to the pertinence of the present application, let us admit at the outset that such also is the ruler under whom we now live and have the remnants of our moral and political being. We are told that a President chosen by the people is immune from criticism, that he is a thing apart, not a mere executive officer, but a tribune enveloped in the odor of sanctity which safeguarded the kings of old. It is a new idea. Criticism of official conduct has ever been a prerogative of the people. Not so now! The heavy hand of fear rests upon the land. The audacity of one has triumphed over the courage of the many. The mighty organization known as the Republican party has become a mere personal machine. Its former leaders have drawn back affrightedly into their corners. Their wishes are no longer regarded, their con-

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sultation no longer desired; obedience to edict is not only exacted from, but enforced upon them.

So, too, with the representatives of the party founded by Thomas Jefferson! With substantial unanimity Democratic Senators and Representatives eat the crumbs of patronage from the hand that smote them, and lick the boot whose impact they have felt, while simultaneously their undisputed, if not, in fact, peerless leader, hobbles like a cripple in the wake of his successful rival, gathering as he goes the few scraps that are left of his own fallacies. Publicists heretofore courageous hasten to follow the crowd. Every business man, Republican or Democrat, every one you know, rages in the protecting silence of private discussion, but speaks with bated breath or not at all in the face of possible publication. All have grown so accustomed to unstinted preachments, unmerciful scoldings and scornful invective, that it seems but natural that the few who still venture to insist upon the inalienable right of communities, whether encompassed by State, city or township lines, to govern themselves should be denounced as reactionaries, and the yet smaller number who raise their feeble voices on behalf of caution and restraint in the conduct

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of great affairs, should be held up to painful derision as contemptible mollicoddles. Never before was there such universal heed of the injunction of the preacher, "Curse not the King; no, not in thy thought, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice and that which hath wings shall tell."

How happens it that a whole people has been thus brought under the yoke of tacit submission, with no voice raised in protest, with none even to ask the reason why? Primarily, we are informed with much blare of trumpets that at last we have an honest President. But did we ever have a dishonest President? In a land where for more than a hundred years no blot has stained the personal escutcheon of its Chief Magistrate, is there so great occasion for boasting now? Or may the undue emphasis placed on honesty be, perchance, the outcome of essential cunning akin to that of the cuttlefish? How else can we account for the persistent and distressing charges of wilful prevarication? When before has a President of the United States, lesser or greater, at what seemed the critical moment in his own candidacy, besought large sums of money for use, not in conducting a political canvass over a protracted period, but on election day? When before has it been necessary to purge an official

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conscience and reinforce a claim of civic rightness by classing one who has been a friend in need, however unworthy, with anarchists and murderers?

But the end, we are told, justifies the means—any means, apparently. “No matter what you do if your heart be true.” A well-meaning man, Horatio! Excellent also were the intentions and quick the resentment of the restive cow in Chicago that kicked over a lamp filled with the oil of those engaged in predatory activities. Great was the fame won by that cow; so why ask what happened to the city?

Again in ancient times the fabled ostrich left her nest to seek means of alleviating her thirst, and a bear came along and saw the eggs, and he roared loudly and drew a big audience, and he made a great speech and savagely denounced the faithless ostrich, and inveighed in mighty voice against race suicide, and deep was the awe of those who heard him. But mere speech did not suffice; to act was his motto. “Behold!” he said, “the ostrich has proven her incapacity or unwillingness to perform her duties. A stronger power is required. I will hatch the eggs.” And he proceeded forthwith to do so. Who can deny the praiseworthiness of the intent? So why raise inopportune questions re-

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specting the fate of the eggs? That Teddy Bear was no mollycoddle. He was a doer. As Artemus Ward said of Napoleon, "He tried to do too much, and he did it." So we of to-day are constantly, almost hourly, enjoined to be doers and builders. But, pray, where are true examples to be found? Who are the doers and builders—the Hills and the Morgans who have opened the great West to civilization and won for our country the commercial supremacy of the world, or the Roosevelts and the Bryans, who from the beginning of their manhood have divided their time between office-holding and office-seeking, and seem to consider their sole mission in life to be the regulation of the affairs of others?

But it is demanded, "What hath our King done that he should be condemned?" Rather I should ask, What hath he not tried to undo that he should be praised? The actual accomplishment of either good or ill may be balanced by a feather. The roaring of the lion invariably subsides into the cooing of the dove. It is not the vainglorious boasting, as in the latest speech at Cambridge, of much already done, but the supplementary threat of "girding up loins to do more" that has caused havoc at home and apprehension abroad. It is not the enforce-

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ment of old laws, however unwise, nor the proposal of new ones, however socialistic and unconstitutional, that alarms. Despite Executive assaults upon honest judges, we still have an independent judiciary, and the time may come when even Congress itself will cease to be supine. It is the illimitable volume of violent fulminations from the source of power that is "choking up the fountains of industry and drying all its streams." Already great undertakings have been abandoned; new enterprises have been halted; the business world looks apprehensively to the future, and all who have anything at stake or aught in anticipation thank God in their hearts for the promise to forego a third term, and devoutly pray, though with no little misgiving, for the keeping of the pledge.

I say "with no little misgiving," because signs are manifest that the "spear that knows no brother" is again to be hurled into the arena. "My policies" is the battle-cry, and who but "Me" personifies them? "All corporations should be accountable to some sovereign," was the language of the Message of December 5, 1905, immediately followed by the gracious phrase, "*I am in no sense hostile to them.*" Now comes the unprecedented and arrogant declaration, insulting to a free people, of the



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right of a President of these United States to name his own successor—the violent denunciation of those venturing to question that prerogative as “conspirators,” engaged necessarily in treason against usurping authority—the raging of the revolutionary instinct of a lawless mind! And thoughtful men look on, shocked and terrified, yet non-resistant! What does it all mean? That the American people, deluded by the marvelous spectacle of blatant probity yawping from the pinnacle of self-appreciation, stand ready to welcome the destruction of the very fabric of free institutions? Then, woe, indeed, to the land!

Yet so in truth it seems.

In place of the calm, sober government by men oppressed by, rather than reveling in, grave responsibilities, we are now in the midst of a mighty melodrama. Rather call it a game, a great game; “a bully game,” some would say; a game so far-reaching, so pregnant with possibilities that it involves the well-being of eighty millions, the salvation of a whole world of human beings still looking hopefully to this marvelous asylum for the helpless and distressed; a game upon whose result depends the outcome of the greatest political experiment ever tried, that of proving the ability of a free people to

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rule themselves successfully in the communities in which they live, instead of submitting to the despotism of centralized authority, which even now, everywhere else, is becoming a relic of past ages.

It is in no spirit of partisanship, but in infinite sadness, that we foresee abandonment of principle in a National campaign led by two false prophets striving only to determine which may raise a banner most attractive to the multitude.

But oh, the pity of it all! The mendacious duplicity of those holding power! The noxious demagogy of those seeking it! The sordid trafficking in votes to be bought in exchange for influence to be won! The shameless breaking of tacit pledges in the name of uprightness! The unholy alliances of mammon and sanctimony in time of need! Their ruthless divorce-ment when ambition has been realized! The daily, almost hourly, exhibition of roaring cataracts of twaddle! The lava streams of invective turned on to wash away obnoxious evidences of double-dealing! The cowardice of those who resent, but dare not speak! The wretched fear of personal consequences manifested on every hand! The refusal to accept manfully and with gratitude the penalties of unpopularity for the doing of the right!

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Is there no courage left in us? Must time-honored Democracy follow the Republican party in voluntary submission? Is there not somewhere to be found inspiration to tear down the conglomeration of shreds and patches now waved insultingly in our faces, and raise, whether for success or failure, but everlastingly for the right, the flag of the Fathers of the Republic? May not one final attempt be made to join hands with the conservative South and blaze the way for the entrance of living truth and real sincerity to supplant the hollow sham and glaring hypocrisy before which now in shame we bow our heads? If government by the people must perish and the pendulum be swung back to autocracy, then woe, indeed, to the land! But let us, at least, go down with our faces to the front, trampling expediency under foot, spurning compromise, defying mobs, following the fixed star of undying principle, and trusting to the return to reason of the American people and the working of God's immutable laws for a resurrection that shall be glorious because deserved!

## X

FOR PRESIDENT: WOODROW WILSON

*To the Lotus Club of New York, February 3, 1906*

THAT veteran editor, Henry M. Alden, has deduced, from his long experience and intimate study, the conclusion that the most important feature of a story is its background. Whether or not he would make the application to an individual I cannot say. Probably not. And yet there can be no doubt of the interest one must feel in the lights and shadows which surround a character. Of your guest as an educator, or as a historian, others here are far better qualified than I to speak. The few words I venture to say, therefore, will be confined to the minor phases. Back of the President is the university. Back of the man is Virginia. Of the former it is only necessary to recall that simultaneously with the installation of its present head, whom we have gathered to honor this evening, it planted itself firmly in resistance of the tendency to shorten and make easy the

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courses of study prescribed for undergraduates. Other colleges responded promptly, and the lamentable trend in the wrong direction was stopped. But it was Princeton that carried the flag, and it was to Princeton and her new young president that the credit was and continues to be due. Of Princeton as a community, as a growing lodestone of philosophy, idealism and sane comprehension of public affairs, it suffices for our purpose to say that it meets all requirements. But recently we have had a vivid example. When last summer a Princeton man, a famous Princeton man, and as honest a man as ever achieved commercial success, was harassed into resigning his well-earned position as the president of a great insurance company, there was another ready and fully equipped to assume the chief responsibility. As the one stepped out, the other, with sturdy tread, walked in. Scraping from his substantial boots the well-known Jersey clay, he hung his hat upon a peg and said, at least by inference: "Whether or not in the past there have been things done in this place that ought not to have been done, there will be no more. I have arrived upon the spot to look after things, and I am going to attend to the job. I say to my countrymen they need have no further worry. Despite

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any fascinating imitation that may have sprung up since my more active days, I am and continue to be the original square dealer. We will now proceed to business." How much business they have proceeded with since has not been made wholly manifest. But it doesn't matter. The point is that then, as ever, Princeton filled the gap. May it continue to have at its command for such emergencies, for all time, men of the quality of Grover Cleveland!

Somewhat dimmer, yet sufficiently vivid in the background of our guest, is Virginia. However may be judged the values of lights and shades, there can be no doubt of the determining influence of environment in the upbuilding of character. For nearly a century before Woodrow Wilson was born the atmosphere of the Old Dominion was surcharged with true statesmanship. The fates directed his steps along other paths, but the effect of growth among the traditions of the Fathers remained. That he is pre-eminent as a lucid interpreter of history we all know. But he is more than that. No one who reads, understandingly, the record of his country that flowed with such apparent ease from his pen, can fail to be impressed by the belief that he is by instinct a statesman. The grasp of fundamentals, the seemingly uncon-

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scious application of primary truths to changing conditions, the breadth in thought and reason manifested on those pages, are as clear evidences of sagacity worthy of the best and noblest of Virginia's traditions, as was that truly eloquent appeal which last year he addressed to his brethren of the South, that they rise manfully from the ashes of prejudice and lethargy and come back into their own.

It is that type of men we shall, if, indeed, we do not already, need in our public life. No one would think for a moment of criticizing the general reformation of the human race in all of its multifarious phases now going on by Executive decree, but it is becoming increasingly evident that that great work will soon be accomplished to the complete satisfaction, of course, of all concerned. When that time shall have been reached the country will need at least a short breathing-spell for what the physicians term perfect rest. That day, not now far distant, will call for a man combining the activities of the present with the sobering influences of the past.

If one could be found who, in addition to those qualities, should unite in his personality the finest instinct of true statesmanship as the effect of his early environment, and the no less

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valuable capacity for practical application, achieved through subsequent endeavors in another field, the ideal would be attained. Such a man I believe is Woodrow Wilson of Virginia and New Jersey.

As one of a considerable number of Democrats who have grown tired of voting Republican tickets, it is with a feeling almost of rapture that I occasionally contemplate even a remote possibility of casting a ballot for the president of Princeton University to become President of the United States.

In any case, since opportunities in National conventions are rare and usually pre-empted—to the enlightened and enlightening Lotos Club I make the nomination.



## XI

### THE PROBLEM, THE SOLUTION, AND THE MAN

*To the Hibernian Society of Savannah, Ga., March  
17, 1911*

**D**OUBTLESS, gentlemen, you have heard the response of the old darky to whom his mistress gave a generous portion of syllabub highly spiced with New England rum. The grateful recipient showed that he was not unmindful of the delectability of the concoction, but when asked how he liked it he shook his gray head mournfully and replied: "If you gwine to gimme foam, gimme foam; if you gwine to gimme dram, gimme dram." Now, I am confident that you did not expect me to fetch you syllabub from a community so ignorant that a vast majority of its members, I suspect, would regard the word itself as synonymous with syllogism, or something even worse. Nor, I imagine, are your appetites whetted for foam at a time when by unanimous assent it

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seems to be considered peculiarly desirable that American citizens should reason together. I shall then make the fact that I hail from the same stern land that produced the rum my excuse for giving you dram—dram undiluted and unrelieved by agile quip or merry jest.

The fact that we live in an age of action, not of thought, is charged with more meaning for us than for those of older countries. They have as guides the beacon-lights of their own histories, but the conditions confronting us are without precedent either at home or abroad. Hence the vital need of pausing at intervals, and especially upon occasions such as this and heeding the railway-crossing mandate to "stop, look, listen," in order that we may determine, so far as possible, whether we are being swept unresistingly along a torrent to certain doom or are gliding passively down the river of natural progress to a haven of peace, equality, and common happiness. So, while comforting our souls with the reflection that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come, it nevertheless behooves us, as a prudent people, to remedy artificial evils, which invariably have their genesis in want of thought, by the application of thought itself. The poet Lowell expressed the idea to homely perfection.

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"I honor the man who is ready to sink  
Half his present repute for the freedom to think;  
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or  
weak,  
Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak,  
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in  
store,  
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower."

What, then, is the one great problem upon whose solution depends the future of our country and our people? That, in a commercial age, it is economic goes without saying. That, in a sense, it is moral may be accepted as an obvious fact. Recent manifestations of the instinct of an alert-minded people to seek and concentrate upon the concrete readily induce the suggestion that it is the tariff. But the tariff is not a problem. It is no more than a phase become a political issue. Whether imposts should be laid for revenue or protection is a question of importance, to be sure, but of far less importance than in former years when academic judgment outweighed practical considerations. It would be the height of folly to blind our eyes to the conditions that now exist and cannot be changed. We rightfully lament and condemn governmental extravagance, but none can deny that application of the most rigid economy would counterbalance but tem-

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porarily the increasing cost of administration of a rapidly growing commonwealth. Despite the enormous revenues now derived from various sources, each day adds two hundred thousand dollars to the deficit, and this sum would have been doubled by the enactment of the absurd pension law recently approved by the House of Representatives. We must, moreover, accept as a fact that actual needs will multiply rather than diminish.

How are these colossal sums to be obtained? By reducing the tariff to a revenue basis? In part, perhaps, but by no means to an extent sufficient to meet the requirements. Let us not deceive ourselves in this regard. No intelligent man now advocates the destruction of our great manufacturing industries through the adoption of free trade with other nations. The utmost that is sought is a lowering of excessive and prohibitive rates to a standard that would enable reasonable competition to kill monopoly. The effect would be a reduction in the cost of products to the consumers, and to that extent it would be beneficial. But, clearly, there would ensue no material increase in revenues unless the manufacturer were driven out of business entirely—an outcome contemplated and desired by no one. There is well-grounded belief that

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manufacturing profits, as a rule, are excessive and should be brought within bounds to the advantage of the consumer, but since there is no thought of abolishing them altogether the industries will survive and prosper, though more moderately, and will continue to meet the market demands. It is idle, then, to anticipate any increase in revenues approaching adequacy from a lowering of the rates. The tariff, as I have said, is no more than a phase—a phase, indeed, of only a part of the real problem, because essential as the procurement of money for government undoubtedly is, it is as a bagatelle compared with the collateral results.

The vital problem now confronting the people of the United States, the problem involving the perpetuity of free institutions, the problem which transcends all economic, political and moral issues, is how to make equitable distribution of the combined earnings of labor and capital without rending the fabric of popular government. The apothegm of Ricardo, still upheld by certain powerful but short-sighted classes in England, to the effect that the laborer is entitled to just enough food and clothing to keep the machinery of his body working until it shall wear itself out finds no adherents here. We have advanced at least far enough to recog-

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nize that humanity is a part, and a very large part, of political economy. But this is only a step. We have much farther to go to insure the supremacy of evolution over revolution as an effective force in the development of civilization. Our colossal fortunes have sprung into being so quickly that there has been hardly time to effect a readjustment of the relationship of Wealth to the State which conserves it, but no thoughtful mind can fail to appreciate that readjustment must be had and soon, not merely for the relief of Labor, but quite as much, if not more, for the protection of Capital itself. We cannot equalize fortunes. "When two men ride a horse one must ride behind." Nor would we, if we could, sound the death-knell of individualism. But we can try to correct methods and influences which have produced great inequalities, and which, if unchecked, cannot fail to make the disparities yet more enormous. True it is that never before and nowhere else has Wealth been so sensible of its duties as it is now and here. It builds hospitals, libraries, schools and colleges without number, but such remedies serve only to palliate the disease. They do not extirpate the germs. The process, moreover, is artificial, discriminatory, and offensive to, if not indeed destructive of, the self-respect

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of the masses. Less charity and more justice is what the American people want and what they are entitled to receive.

That is the problem. Where lies the solution? Primarily in the spirit with which the subject is approached. Not independence, but interdependence, has become the law of life in this country. Co-operation, a drawing together in frank and unselfish tolerance of one another's opinions, is positively essential to the settlement of every great question. And this concurrence must be general, must come not only from all groups, but from all sections. Invariably and naturally the older and richer community is the more conservative, the more reluctant to accept innovation, the more obtuse in recognizing either the equities or necessities of change. I sometimes think that the West does not appreciate the extent of its obligation to the East, but I am equally conscious of the East's obduracy in ignoring the teachings of the West. The historian Woodrow Wilson depicts with insight and accuracy "the moral of our history."

"The East," he writes, "has spent and been spent for the West; has given forth her energy, her young men and her substance for the new regions that have been a-making all the century

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through. But has she learned as much as she has taught or taken as much as she has given? The westward march has stopped upon the final slopes of the Pacific. Populations now turn upon their old paths, fill in the places they passed by as neglected in their first journey in search of a land of promise; settle to a life such as the East knows as well as the West—nay, much better. With the change, the pause, the settlement, our people draw into closer groups, stand face to face, to know each other and to be known; and the time has come for the East to learn in her turn; to broaden her understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere. Let us be sure that we get the national temperament; send our minds abroad upon the continent, become neighbors to all the people that live upon it and lovers of them all.”

Such, gentlemen, is the true spirit—the essence of patriotism, the brotherhood of man. We need not dwell upon the West’s resentment against the East nor the East’s distrust of the West. But we do know and must recognize that these unhappy sentiments have pervaded the two sections in the past and have not yet been wholly eradicated. The cure lies in better understanding, to be acquired through fuller



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acquaintanceship. The South is the natural arbiter, because the South, revived and prosperous, more philosophical as a consequence of enforced conditions, has become less dependent upon its sister sections than either the West or the East. By virtue of the genius for statesmanship and clear thinking which it developed in the early days, it was the leader for scores of years and should be the leader now.

Its duty is manifest. Out of the happy outcome of its own patient sufferance it may well indicate to the impatient West the advantages to be derived from the exercise of tolerance. From its own bitter experience it can point out clearly to the East that, while great possessions may be lost temporarily to a community, that which a free people come to recognize as a vital truth can never die, that the test of a man's strength and worth is not so much what he achieves as what he overcomes, that brawn weighs less than brain and brain less than character, that even from a selfish viewpoint it is cheaper to lift human beings up than to hold them down, and that the soundest security for property lies in interesting the largest number of individuals in its preservation and the smallest number in its destruction. Hence the value, the incalculable value to all, of equitable dis-

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tribution of the combined earnings and accumulations of labor and capital.

How to obtain such apportionment is the question. Not by violence surely. The exercise of mere force, whether physical or legislative, is destructive, not creative, and at best can only clear the way for something different and probably worse. Not by decreeing a new system of government as one would order a new suit of clothes, for the simple reason that the tailor does not live and never has lived who could make it fit. And yet not by compromise of principle, which has been aptly described as a good enough umbrella for politics, but a poor roof for statesmanship. It is quite as essential, in this land at this time, that our methods should be orderly as that our aims should be rational.

May it not be that the remedy lies in direct taxation? Why not frankly acknowledge that our government can no longer be fed by those who have little and are constantly getting less, and must be supported by those who have much and are steadily acquiring more? Attempts have been made from time to time to impose adequate taxes upon incomes and inheritances. Some have been insincere; all for one reason or another have been abortive. Is it not now time to undertake the task with reso-

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lute determination to succeed? Can a better solution of our most vital problem be devised?

Advocacy of legislation making such imposition does not involve assault upon a class. It is not a contest of classes at all. It is no more or less than recognition of the natural rights of free men to establish a system under which all members of each present and succeeding generation shall possess substantially equal privileges. A tax upon incomes is not, as is so frequently said, a tax upon industry. It is rent of exceptional opportunity, a just payment for peculiar advantages levied in proportion to the gains derived from their exercise. And a tax upon inheritances is not a tax upon the earner, but upon the beneficiary who, having played no part in the making, should be willing to share his bequest with the State whose aid was essential to its acquirement and whose protection continues to be requisite to its preservation.

We are accustomed to regard our very rich as broader and more generous minded than the very rich of other lands, and we set forth in evidence their magnificent benefactions. But making big gifts is quite different from paying big taxes. The former not only gratifies vanity, but presumably paves the way to a place among the angels, while the latter merely discharges a

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just obligation. So we must expect that the opposition will continue as strong as ever and that the usual arguments must be confuted in fairness and reason. But this is not difficult. There need be no question of double taxation and no antagonism between State and Nation. Co-operation alone is essential. It is useless for a commonwealth to impose a tax which can be evaded by a mere change of residence. But the Federal government can make such a tax general and conserve all State prerogatives by allowing a reduction equivalent to the amount paid under similar enactment to the State. The would-be dodger would then be compelled to leave the country to avoid bearing his fair share of the total burden. And the justice of the proposal is indicated by the fact that there is no civilized land from England to Italy to which he could go and obtain better terms than the highest we would think of exacting for the protection of his property.

Such is the paramount problem as I perceive it and such the plain solution as I discern it. Other questions, other issues, there are, to be sure, but all are allied with and subordinate to that which is vital and fundamental. We have seen that governmental needs not only exceed present revenues, but must of necessity increase

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along with growing population at home and multiplying responsibilities abroad. Clearly, under these conditions, other sources of income must be found before ordinary business prudence will permit the general lowering of tariff rates so much as a shade below the revenue basis. The pending reciprocity bill is a neighborly and commendable act, but none can deny that its practical effect will be a very considerable increase in the present deficit. Its espousal, then, by a responsible administration, which fails to indicate simultaneously an alternative method of meeting the enhanced deficiency, is political rather than statesmanlike, a mere expedient to appease public wrath, not the inauguration of a policy which could be made general. Proper taxation of incomes and inheritances, however, would render the development possible, feasible, and greatly advantageous to the toiling masses.

No less direct is the relationship to our chief problem of all proposals to loosen the bonds of representative government by the substitution of primaries for conventions, by the election of Senators by popular vote, by adoption of the initiative, referendum, and recall. The genesis of these questionable devices is the common and warrantable belief in the minds of the people

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that the poor bear burdens that should be borne by the rich, and that the failure, so far, of popular will to find expression through enactment of laws makes a change in the system itself essential to readjustment. The present trend toward pure democracy as a substitute for the government of delegated powers established by the Fathers is directly traceable to the obduracy of that alliance of Greed and Wealth which for so many years has controlled the dominant political party. Whether or not this revolutionary tendency is healthful is a question which need not now be considered. It suffices to point out the causes of its origin and growth—and these, as I have said, are manifest. Can any one believe that assaults upon the principle of representative government would ever have attained their present proportions but for the conviction in millions of minds that the many are being grossly discriminated against in favor of the few, especially in the matter of taxation, and that refusal to tax incomes and inheritances has been deliberate in order to make necessary for revenue purposes heavy imposts upon products essential to maintenance of very existence? There can be no question as to the root of the existing discontent, and there can be no doubt

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of the people's full comprehension or of their prudent methods if possible, but by radical, firm determination to shift the burdens by measures if necessary.

This, then, is the situation. Who is best equipped to meet it? Speaking, as Patrick Henry declared when he heard the news from Concord, "not as a partisan, but as an American," I frankly can see no ground for hope from the Republican party until it shall be put out of power and be kept out long enough to dissolve its accumulated special partnerships. However good the intentions of a Republican President and even a portion of a Republican Congress may be, recent history proves conclusively that they count practically for naught. The party is tied hand and foot, has made so many trades with all sorts from Mammon to Mormon, has accepted so many favors, has become so dependent upon the power of money, that it is utterly helpless to break its bonds. The Democratic party is inexperienced; it may be ignorant; it has yet to prove itself capable. But it is a fortuitous circumstance that nobody in recent years has considered it worth bribing. Consequently it is at least free, free to do its best without fear or favor, and, so being, should be preferred. What is the outlook?

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Fifteen months hence the two leading candidates for President will be placed in nomination. One will be labeled Republican, the other Democratic. But the time has passed when a live issue can be raised between mere appellations. The sharp line of demarcation once drawn between the two great organizations has worn away in the roaring loom of time. The reality will find one regarded by the people as a conservative and the other as a liberal or progressive. Assuming, as we may with reasonable certainty, the renomination of President Taft, but one question in practical politics will confront the Democratic convention. That will relate to the tendency of the great body of voters. Is it toward liberalism or conservatism? If the former, then clearly the Democrats, if wise, will name a man generally recognized as more progressive than Mr. Taft; if the latter, they will designate one regarded as less radical. The relative personal merits of proposed candidates will be weighed naturally and properly, but the final determination will, or should be, reached through a balancing of their respective tendencies. All will resolve to the making of the most effective contrast, the one way or the other, with the Republican nominee. It cannot be a difficult task. Mr. Taft occupies mid-



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dle ground. He is a stand-patter in so far as he pronounces the present tariff law the best ever enacted, and he is an insurgent in his advocacy of that trifling sop to the whale called reciprocity. Although sincerely in favor of improving the government, he is by no means a zealous reformer. His bent is mildly and slowly progressive—and yet sufficiently advanced to be regarded as liberal in contrast with an old-time conservative.

The Democratic party, then, when the time comes to make a choice, will be at the parting of the ways. Which road shall it take? The old familiar path through the meadows, traveled in 1904 and leading presumably to stability and non-interference with things existing, or the new highroad to reform? Shall it wear the garment of the Old Democracy or don the fresh mantle of the New? Shall it face cautiously sidewise, even perhaps a trifle backward, or shall it raise its eyes fearlessly to the beacon-light high up on the mountain-top? The question will be one of judgment no less than of right and all shades of opinion, from the reactionary views of Wall Street to the vagaries of Oregon, will merit consideration. If I may be so bold as to venture a personal diagnosis of the temper of the people, I have no hesitation in registering the

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judgment that a Democratic candidate regarded by the people as less progressive than President Taft would be defeated, and that a candidate generally recognized as being more progressive, more liberal, more radical, if you like, than President Taft would almost as surely win.

I make no qualification of the first declaration because I know of no statesman answering that description whose intellectual and moral merits could be held to be in any way superior to those of President Taft, and I know of none whose powers of fascination are equal to those of our popular Chief Magistrate. There would be then no compensatory advantages, and the differentiation in policy would shape the result.

I do not maintain, on the other hand, that any person reckoned as more progressive or liberal could win. Far from it. President Taft will be a strong and attractive candidate. He has amply demonstrated his good intentions, has fully proven his exceptional abilities and is gradually developing notable capacity for true leadership. In opposition to him, irrespective of political tendencies, must be pitted a man equal in all respects except experience, equal in intellect, in courage, in loyalty to the Constitution, in understanding of democratic institutions, in nobility of character and purpose,

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in freedom from wrongful influence of class or section, in fidelity to the interests of all the people, whose lives, liberties, prosperity and happiness must be safeguarded and conserved by the great Republic which belongs to them and to them alone.

Grant that such a one be found. Can the Democratic party act as a unit? In four successive national elections one faction has defeated the other. Cleveland Democrats voted against Mr. Bryan and Bryan Democrats did not vote for Mr. Parker. Do the differences which have eventuated thus fatally continue irreconcilable now when success seems almost within reach? What reason is there to believe that, left to themselves, the factions divided by the Alleghanies will coalesce without reserve? Can Eastern Democrats be induced to accord freely to Mr. Bryan the position, not of dictator, but of leader, which is rightfully his until the next candidate for President shall be named? Can Mr. Bryan be persuaded to desist from seeking truth in the well so constantly that his vision is circumscribed to his own image? Is a more tolerant, a more considerate, a more respectful attitude on both sides within the range of possible attainment?

We may as well be frank. Eastern Demo-

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crats have been unjust to Mr. Bryan. To disavow what is honestly believed to be a false doctrine, even to oppose a policy regarded as fatal or wrong, may be and often is a conscientious duty. But to question a man's sincerity, to insinuate sordid motives, to discredit his purpose without cause or proof, is only to invite just resentment and swift retribution. It is not surprising that Mr. Bryan still considers the community from which I come, if not the enemy's country, at least as unfairly inimical.

But the East has no monopoly of wilful uncharitableness. When Mr. Bryan declares that any possible candidacy supported by the *New York World*, the *New York Times*, and *Harper's Weekly* "must be viewed with suspicion," he implies much that he must know to be unwarranted. Surely he must be aware that many years before he himself became a public character Joseph Pulitzer began a warfare upon plutocracy which has been continued unwaveringly and unceasingly. If ever there was a public journal of proven independence and unsusceptibility to wrongful influence, everybody knows that the *New York World* is that newspaper. Nor can Mr. Bryan be ignorant of the consistently high-minded and conscientious course of the *New York Times*. Of *Harper's*

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*Weekly* it suffices to say that the only man whose advice with respect to shaping its policy its present editor has ever sought or received is William Jennings Bryan. True, there have arisen differences of opinion, but I insist that Mr. Bryan has no reason whatever to assert that the views of those journals have been one whit less honest or less rightfully intentioned than his own, to whose perfect sincerity I pay willing tribute. No fair-minded person can withhold admiration of Mr. Bryan's amazing prescience of popular tendencies, but events have seemed to demonstrate that, in a practical sense, it is no less fatal to be too far ahead of the procession than to linger too far behind. The time may come when the people will demand prohibition, for example, or government ownership or initiative, referendum, and recall, but that time, in my opinion, is not yet. Consequently, from motives of policy no less than of principle I suppose I should again differ with Mr. Bryan; but even so, should disagreement upon mere side issues be permitted to prevent unison in upholding fundamental truth?

Herein lies the opportunity of the unbiased, uncommitted South, the mother of Democracy—to act not merely as umpire between these two factions, but to take the lead, to insist that

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resentments so ancient as to have become childish be buried, to demand from both greater consideration, more respect for and greater faith in one another, and to make it perfectly clear that manifestations of churlishness by either will meet with stern and effective rebuke. There is no question, gentlemen, of the power which lies in your leaders, your public journals, and yourselves. Can it not be exercised affirmatively and fearlessly, as in the days of old, for the greatest good of the greatest number?

But, I hear you say, responsibilities should be divided. True. Let the apportionment be even. The West, through the present leader of our party, has supplied us, as well as the opposition, with the majority, though not the greatest of our issues. The South, through you, your statesmen and your journalists, is to harmonize and amalgamate the party, if necessary by force. What less, in common fairness, can the East do than produce the man? Gentlemen, we have him and he is yours. He is Woodrow Wilson, the highly Americanized Scotch-Irishman, descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and now delivering from bondage that faithful old Democratic Commonwealth, the State of New Jersey.

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Great occasions find great men. Here is one who, if he had lived in the days of Jefferson and Madison, would have rivaled the one as a champion of the people and would have equaled the other in comprehension and lucid expression of fundamental law. No other living personality so happily combines the dominant traits of those two great statesmen; no other has evidenced so perfect a blending of profound knowledge and simple devotion to humanity; no other has shown so clearly how quickly the old truths will spring into new light and power when touched by the magic wand of full sincerity; no other more surely embodies the authority of sustained thought, of unremitting labor for unselfish ends, the spirit of sacrifice and devotion, the instinct of independence, the love of perfect freedom. Born a polemic and controversialist, intellectually combative and self-reliant, fearless to the verge of temerity, indifferent to applause or censure for its own sake, incapable of intrigue, prompt to accept conclusions based upon right *versus* wrong without inquiring or caring whether they be politic or even expedient, persuasive in oratory, but devoid of artifice, too intent, too earnest to employ cheap and paltry devices, his pockets filled with moral dynamite, his every thought spring-

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ing from knowledge that all of the basic principles in our political order, including conservatism, emerged from the well of the most radical democracy, and that democracy itself is only letting in light and air, at the height of his powers of intellect and judgment, upon the high plateau of middle life, best adapted to noble and enduring achievement, stands the man, the liberal, the progressive, the radical, if you will, wide-eyed, open-minded, calm, resolute, exact in thought, effective in action, the most vivid and virile personality, save one, developed on American soil in half a century. Such, gentlemen, without exaggeration or undue emphasis, is Woodrow Wilson.

The Old South has bred great statesmen from the beginning of the Republic. To her greatest, the peerless son of Virginia, we owe the political emancipation of the people from oligarchical rule and the establishment of the political party which has survived the assaults of a century. Now let the new South give to the new Democracy another true leader, armed with the power of his faith in the people and their faith in him, and the quickened spirit which enabled Jefferson to break the bonds of paternalism will again become the glory of the nation.



## XII

### THE INHERENT RIGHT

*To the Equal Franchise Society of New York,  
March 25, 1910*

WE cannot hope to personify the arguments against Equal Suffrage because none has been adduced. Consideration is restricted sharply to mere objections to the fundamental principle which constitutes the basis of and the reason for the existence of this society. True, there is nothing that is novel in the carping, nor can we detect much that savors of singularity among the carpers; and yet, despite the fact that all efforts on the part of the Society to fetch them face to face have been unavailing, it would be unbecoming in us to ignore what they are supposed to represent. Consequently it becomes our duty to examine with tolerant spirit all that we can lay our hands upon—namely, the reverberations. The speakers who have preceded me have done their parts so well that familiarity with petty caviling has indeed bred contempt.

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But let us not blind our eyes to the truth that only iteration and reiteration can conquer the sodden fires of superstition, bigotry, and inertia.

To the ear of recollection sound the objections. Before the vision of mind appear the objectors. Through the mist of studied aloofness they emerge one by one. Behold the venerable teacher bearing bravely his burden of prejudice. He steps forward. With quavering voice he declares that when women carry muskets and fight for their country, then they can vote, but not until then, unless over his dead body. His say is ended. His legs are feeble. Tottering, he resumes his place. But his blow has been delivered, and he rejoices in the self-satisfaction that it has reached a vital spot. Physical capacity to bear arms, the requisite of exercising the franchise—that is the determination, definite and final. Thirty long years ago by his own rule of thumb, his right to vote would have ceased. Under the existing military regulations of the United States I should have lost mine on the 16th day of last month. By the same proscription three-fourths, at least, of the college professors, teachers, professional men, clergymen, leaders in industry, men of affairs, and all others engaged in sedentary occupations would be barred. All who are weak or crippled for

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whatever reason, feeble in body, however strong in mind, would be disqualified, and the destinies of the nation would be placed confidently in the strong hands of the prize-fighters, the blacksmiths, and the hod-carriers.

Steps forward a statesman, we need not mention names—any statesman—a diplomat as well: “When all the women want the vote they should have it. When that time comes I shall support their demand, but I will not force it upon them.” A happy suggestion, an easy solution! Fifty years ago there lived statesmen who took the identical position in a case absolutely parallel. Did the slaves want to be freed? No! If an honest poll could have been taken among all the American negroes in 1860, surely not one-third and probably not one-tenth would have made an affirmative declaration. How familiar to-day would be the assertions that they then would have made! They were sheltered and cared for, as women are now. They did not wish to assume responsibilities, as women shrink from the performance of duties now. They were ignorant, as the most loquacious of women plead ignorance now. Their sphere was the cabin, as it is of women now. They had their lords and masters to do their thinking, to guide them, to save their bodies, their souls, and their children,

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as women have now. Such unquestionably would have been the attitude of a vast majority of those American slaves, if the test proposed to-day could have been made effectually then.

But what of the remaining tenth, whose instincts and aspirations cried out for freedom? Were their hopes and longings to be disregarded because they were in the minority? Was that the position assumed by the American people under the guidance of Abraham Lincoln? To the everlasting glory of this great Republic be it answered, No! There was in the minds of the patriots of that day no thought or suggestion of seeking utterance from the mass of negroes so long as one slave out of millions desired his freedom. Compromise between right and wrong was held to be impossible then. Is it so now? Or are American women beneath the slaves from Africa in the consideration of American men?

Another, a lady, asks, "But surely you do not wish the bad women to have the vote?" Why not? Because perchance their sphere is the home? But what do you mean by bad women? And with a gulp she answers, "Why, the prostitutes." Oh, yes, the prostitutes! Male or female, or both? The bad women only, to be sure. So! And then we are asked to view the

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picture. How vivid and frightful it is! When we were children at school we shuddered at graphic descriptions of trips across the Siberian plains. We shivered in anguish at the plight of the wayfarers as they listened, dismayed, to the howling of wolves coming nearer and nearer, lapping their chops in keen and hungry anticipation of the prey about to fall into their grasp. But pitiful and heartrending as were those scenes portrayed to our imaginations, they were as nothing compared to that which we now hear foretold of what will happen when women get the vote. If we are to believe the reverberations which constantly reach and almost paralyze our senses, a great army of abandoned women, regiments of outcasts, brigades of prostitutes are waiting, waiting, waiting only for the word to stream forth like wolves from their lair and rush with frenzied eyes to grasp with eager hands the ballot-box. Truly a dire foreboding!

But has it ever occurred to anybody to inquire what this great army would do when it had achieved its purpose? How would these imagined millions use the ballot? For whom and what would they vote? I ask the lady. Why, for everything that is bad. But how, they being ignorant in common with all women, would they know what was good and what was

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bad? The answer is as certain as fate. The bad men would tell them. The bad men would tell them. Yes, and make them do it. So in theory, as in practice, wherever equal suffrage prevails, not one "bad woman"—no, not one would ever go to the polls at all unless driven there by a man. Now I am ready to answer the question—Am I willing that prostitutes should have the right to vote? Yes, absolutely and unqualifiedly. As contrasted with the bestial creature who defames the image in which he was created by trading in human flesh and blood, a thousand times yes. Better that ninety and nine depraved women, dragged to the ballot-box by their more depraved master, should vote wrong than that one should be deprived of a single opportunity to vote for the means to save her own poor soul! There never was and never will be a woman in whose breast does not live to her dying day the spark of hope of redemption. I refer you, my lady, to the words of your gentle Christ spoken to the outcast Mary Magdalene. And I ask all men and all women who take this ignoble position: Why not make the test universal? It is very easy. Let the qualifications of voting be, without regard to sex, the observance of the seventh commandment! If vice and virtue are to be recog-

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nized as determining factors in the granting of the privilege, surely none can deny the fairness of the proposal. And its adoption would serve more purposes than one. It would eliminate vastly more than the ignorant and vicious vote. It would enhance beyond measure the satisfaction of those who oppose equal suffrage, because, forsooth, they prefer restricted suffrage. There can be doubt as to what the enforcement of this decree would accomplish. It would, indeed, restrict the suffrage. The only danger is that there might not be a sufficient number of men saved out of the wreck to hold the offices.

Appears the practical man of business, fair-minded, open-minded, professedly broad-minded. Yes, he allows, equal suffrage is right enough theoretically, but how does it work? Has there been any marked improvement where it has been tried? Only facts count with a practical man. And the answer is: Find the facts for yourself. If, as you admit, the proposition is ethically sound, the burden of proof that it is impracticable rests, not upon us, but upon you. We can submit the record of results. We have done so. But in truth the obligation is yours. So we say: Find any nation, State, or city where equal suffrage has wrought injury to the common weal, find any nation, State, or city wherein

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repeal of equal suffrage, once adopted, has ever been seriously advocated or even proposed; then and not till then will your question of practicability merit consideration. Meanwhile let becoming stillness control your tongue.

But the ignorant vote? Ah, yes, the ignorant vote. Too many have the franchise now. Intelligence should rule. Restricted suffrage is the crying need. A property qualification, too! So! Then why is there no such qualification? Why is there no restriction? You have the power. You have had it for more than a hundred years. Why does that which you regard as the gravest menace continue to exist? Are men unable or unwilling to achieve reform? Look ahead! Is the prospect of the next century a whit more encouraging under the rule of men exclusively? Then why not include the women? Surely this condition, so perilous in your estimation, could be no worse. It might be bettered. In any case clearly, after a hundred years of futile endeavor, it is your only recourse. Why not then accept it like—well, like a man?

But women lack practical knowledge. They are idealists. They lack experience. Even those who own property cannot protect it. True, they cannot. Why? Because the cor-



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poration withholds the privilege? No. The corporation is more just than the State. More than forty per cent. of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad are women. They can and do vote for directors of their company. But when State or nation proposes arbitrary rate reductions or excessive taxation that would sweep away the dividends, who decides? Who has the power? Who elect the men who make the laws? Those who own nearly one-half of the great property? Not they! The Huns who work the mines, the Italians who lay the tracks, but not the women who own the shares. A property qualification, did you say? Then let the highly honored State emerge from the darkness of shameful discrimination and stand beside the much-derided corporation in the sunlight of justice, fairness, and right.

But the home! Yes, yes, the sphere, the home, the spherical home, bounded on the north by eating, on the east by sleeping, on the west by praying, and on the south by tatting, with the god of petty tyrannies ruling over all. Have you a wife, good man? Does she go to the opera? Stop her. There is danger in the air. She might prefer Wagner while you affect De Koven. She might say so. Heaven forbid, but if not, Heaven pity the dove of domestic felicity!

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Does she go a-shopping? Bid her cease. She may discover that casting a ballot is no more arduous than "trying on." Does she read the papers and magazines? Burn them. Ideas may enter her head. Does she speak except when spoken to? Refer her to St. Paul! Does she think she thinks? Scowl! Be shocked! Above all, be firm! Place her hand upon the cradle and bid her rock and be content that now she rules the world.

Oh, for the good old days, those happy days of Athens, when wives were locked in darkened rooms and, gnawing, mumbling, beating their poor wings against their cages, were made to understand that isolation is a duty, and virtue is its own enforced reward. There was the acme of pagan felicity, the logical and perfect development of the lauded, spherical Christian home. What matters that Athens sank into degradation and ruin? Was not the wife protected? Was not the woman fed? Saved from contact with the rude, rough world, her femininity preserved, her glorious dependence established by law and custom, all distractions eliminated, freed from all earthly obligations except to fetch imbeciles into the world, so she could and did exist till Death reached out a merciful hand and bid her hence in happy consciousness of woman's functions well performed.

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Advances to the center of the platform, the platform of the Metropolitan Temple, if you please, a banker, a well-known banker, an author, too, of greater or less distinction, a moralist and philosopher, a maker of epigrams, his intellect a depository of jewels of expression, of veritable gems of thought. From the collection we select a few of the most sparkling. Lest their luster be dimmed by the handling, let us behold them in their untarnished glory, gleaming to the eye, dazzling the imagination. The first:

“Men practically acknowledge that women are their superiors when they raise their hats to them; and in other forms of deference they recognize their superiority, and bow to the ladies.”

Not of purest ray serene; an amethyst, let us say.

“Look, too, at the hazards, the risks, the physical danger that ladies would be exposed to at public meetings.”

For example, here!

“We can easily picture a refined woman, dressed in the height of fashion, saying something in a speech at a public meeting to which some coarse and ignorant woman or woman of ill repute, might make objection in the most insulting language.”

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Shocking! shameful! Ah, but listen—

“Worse still might happen, if she made a spirited reply to such a woman, who would, perhaps, not hesitate to strike her and make shipwreck of her costume, with the possible result that she would go home with a black eye, a damaged nose, torn garments, and disheveled hair, and even her hat not on straight, but alas! all awry, a terrible thing for a woman, as every woman knows.”

Is it not a gem? A cat's-eye, shall we say?

“So why should woman seek to enter the foul arena of politics by winning the right to vote? She would do much better, and be much more at home, in winning hearts. In that she is, and always has been, and always will be, unrivaled, and she will be wise to limit her prowess to her own sphere in which she is the undisputed queen.”

A sapphire, surely!

“As there is much pitch in politics, I predict that, after due experience, her watchword would no longer be ‘Votes for Women!’ but rather, ‘Home, Sweet Home!’”

A pearl.

“As a married man, and a sincere friend and admirer of the ladies collectively, I advise them all to leave politics and voting, with all their

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rough-and-tumble work, and battling for the spoils, to men. They—the men—are made of commoner clay than the sirens and ministering angels to whom they raise their hats in acknowledgment of their superiority to themselves.”

By all the gods, another amethyst!

“Politics makes strange bedfellows, and in politics all are equal, good, bad, and indifferent; and bad women, or women willing to sell their votes, would probably be far more numerous and controlling at all political assemblages, and the polls, than good women, if we had woman suffrage. Moreover, the bad and corruptible women would generally be under the control of politicians of the male sex, and be quite willing to do their dirty and corrupt work. In politics we cannot choose our company, all citizens having equal rights and privileges, and no one can be excluded from a public meeting.”

A handful of black opals, if you please!

“Woman in her own sphere is not merely useful and ornamental, but a blessing. She is an angel in the house, but, if she had a vote, politics would demoralize her, notwithstanding all arguments to the contrary.”

Notwithstanding! Notwithstanding all arguments! The same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Shall we say a turquoise?

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“A woman’s greatest charm, if not her crowning glory, is her modesty, and this should never be sacrificed, in any degree, for politics, office, or anything else. Yet how could she preserve it in the rough-and-tumble strife and tobacco smoke of the often dirty and disreputable politicians she would have to associate with? Let woman stick to her natural sphere; let her rejoice in the fact that she is a woman; let her worship womanly standards; let her throne remain firmly established in the home protected by the man of her choice and let her stop aiming to be manly.”

A ruby, this, beyond a doubt! But better yet this gleaming Koh-i-noor:

“Woman should be proud of her position as it is, and content with being a thing of beauty and a joy forever.”

And best of all this “fitting description of her charms”:

“O! woman in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made,  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!”

A string, a string of pearls!  
Such the gems, the glowing, gleaming gems

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of thought. Why not, indeed, say sternly, "Notwithstanding arguments" when thus allowed to bask in iridescent dreams?

I may say, in passing, that the talented wife of my good friend, the distinguished banker, is a life member of the Equal Franchise Society.

So much for the reverberations. Now for a lesson in contradictions! A composite photograph of the objectors is hardly attainable. But a composition of the objections may be attempted. These are the ingredients: On the one hand—

Women would forsake their children to vote.

On the other—

They would not vote at all.

And so on in pairs—

Their political antagonism to their husbands would destroy the family.

They would vote as their husbands vote.

They already exercise greater power indirectly than they could hope to wield directly.

They are not capable of passing upon public questions.

They now hold a superior position.

They are and should be held subordinate.

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They are not equipped to teach.

Their chief duty is to train their children's minds.

They should become experts in governance before seeking franchise.

Under no circumstances should they attempt to deal with political problems.

They are now accorded equal opportunities to earn their livings.

They ought not to compete with men in the rude world of business.

They are not fitted for holding office.

They are permitted to serve on school boards.

They should be satisfied with the existing enlightened government.

Politics is a mire of corruption.

They are mercenaries.

They are visionaries.

They cannot understand or appreciate economics.

Their business is to manage the household and safeguard the expenditures.



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They would insist upon holding office.  
They would not assume official responsibilities.

Chivalrous men can be relied upon to protect the interests of women of their own class.

Witness the arduous endeavors of sixteen hundred men teachers in this city to obtain "equal pay for equal work" for fifteen thousand women teachers.

They are socialists.  
They are individualists.

They are too ignorant to vote.  
They are too wise to want to vote.

And so the wheel goes round and round. Let us pass on.

I come now to a phase of this problem which has not been touched upon in these meetings. And yet, from the viewpoint of actual accomplishment, it is to my mind the most vital. Grant that men's innate sense of justice may in time impel them to recognize the equal governing rights of all women who own property, pay taxes, or earn their own livings. Grant that husbands may accord to the wives of others and even to their own the opportunity to vote if the

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demand shall become general. Grant that fathers may become glad to bestow upon their educated daughters the advantage of participation in directive governance. Grant that the time may come when the scales will drop from the eyes even of those women who now stand doggedly, obdurately, resentfully, pathetically, between their own sex and its righteous emancipation, not only blinding their own eyes, but shutting out the sunlight of equality and freedom from the eyes of those to whom, above all others, they should be true and loyal.

Remain inertia, indolence, intolerance, products of bigotry, of dogma, of superstition. Religion is the inspiration and the Church is the guide of civilization. But authority is greedy, and men holding it, frocked or unfrocked, are but human; however firmly pledged to truth, no whit less prone to error. And the multitude, as ever since the world began, from sincerest motives, find refuge from disquieting Reason in faithful obedience. Allegiance rendered, millions lave their hands and, yawning, turn their heads, conscience free from duty done. Here lies the stumbling-block, here the mighty obstacle which must be removed to clear the path of enlightenment and of progress.

Steps forward the minister of good intent, the

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clergyman benighted. Upon what ground does he base his insistence that human beings endowed alike with mind and spirit are and of right ought to be classified as one-half governing and the other half governed? Because God so willed. Authority, the Bible. And the evidence? It is here from Genesis, second chapter:

“And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and He took one of his ribs, and closed the flesh thereof. And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man.”

That is the whole of it. That is all there is. Upon that solitary verse hang all of the arguments, all of the solemn admonitions. Because woman was formed from a man's rib, is descended directly from what the French call a *côtelette*, it was the deliberate intention of the Creator to make her a subject of man, and when she sets up a claim of equality she violates a divine ordinance. That is the reasoning, that the declaration. True, Genesis asserts also, or, rather, asserts primarily, that “male and female created He them,” absolute equals in the eyes of the Lord; but why consider a mere contradiction? It does not fit the case. Moreover, it cannot be explained, so let it be ignored. The

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subject sex must be kept in subjugation. So the extracted bone stands as the theological progenitor of all womankind.

Poor Adam! His sons and grandsons to this very day and generation possess all of their ribs. Was his that was taken returned after Eve was made, or did he walk through life lopsided, perchance cursing the day when fastidiously he refused to pick a wife from the herd? And poorer Eve! Molded from a mere spare rib, reared on unripe fruit and destined, through her multifarious daughters, to cringe to the end of time before a creature made of dirt! Yet such, we are assured, was the plain intent of God, the Maker of the universe.

Do you believe it? No. Nor can anybody who has traced the legend to its origin. The first chapter of Genesis says that man and woman were created on a basis of perfect equality; the second that woman was made from the man's rib. If one account is true, the other cannot be; if one version was inspired, the other was interpolated. Which the better withstands the test of research and examination?

Ezra, the scribe, compiled the books of the Old Testament, during the captivity in Babylon, which began only 586 B. C. They comprised the laws, the wonderful legends, the proverbs,

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and the songs which had been transmitted through successive generations by word of mouth and pin pricks upon leather. They contained and contain now in modern translations no reference to the story of creation. That was an afterthought. Forty years ago its origin was unknown. Not until the famous inscriptions were unearthed from the ruins of Nineveh by the British Museum in 1872 was the true source of the Biblical account definitely established. Then it was found that Ezra had taken it bodily from the Chaldean tradition. He could not well have done otherwise. The legend had stood the test of incalculable time. The narrations of all great peoples coincided—Aryan, Persian, Parsee, Etruscan, Hindoo—all confirmed the version of the Zend-Avesta and the Bundahish to the effect that the Ahura Mazda first created a single androgynous being with two faces, separated later into two personalities. Here was the source of the Biblical account of the creation of male and female at one and the same time upon a basis of perfect equality.

The other came from Tahiti, whose ancient story reads: "Tarao caused the man to fall asleep, and while he slept, he took out one of his ivi, or bones, and with it made a woman, whom he gave to the man as his wife, and they

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became the progenitors of mankind. The woman's name was Ivi, which signifies a bone." So comes to us not only the story, but even the name of our unhappily unwed ancestress.

But why did the scribe Ezra interject this remote and contradictory myth? The answer is plain. The women of Babylon were comparatively free and independent. The women of Israel were absolute subjects, the property first of their fathers and then of their husbands. Then as now the *status quo* was of prime importance. Its maintenance was essential to acceptance of the book. The men of Israel, like some men of to-day, would not part with their paternal authority. So from faraway Tahiti was drawn the law to fit the need. Woman was not made a subject to conform to the tenets of religious faith. Religion was made to conform to the existing subjection of woman. And there the matter stands to this very day.

Why do I dwell upon this circumstance? Why pay attention to mere legends? Why take the trouble to establish the origin or the greater antiquity of either? No question of fact is involved. Nobody now pretends that this tradition is the record of an actual occurrence. True. But from the legend is drawn a lesson, and the force of that lesson is felt to-day. Justifying

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the deduction of equality are the beliefs of all of the great, partly civilized peoples of antiquity. Warrant for the theory of subjugation is found in a solitary tradition of barbarism interpolated to supplement the dominance of physical force with the authority of adapted religious faith. To-day no less than at the time of the captivity, the tenets of Tahiti are used to smother, as with a pall, the aspirations of womankind. To-day as then woman is taught that she sins against God when she seeks the freedom of equality. And thousands and thousands so believe. How vital then it is to be able to say and to prove: The story adduced to show God's intent, either through His mode of actual creation or the lessons to be drawn therefrom, to deprive one-half of the human race of their natural rights—that story is a lie.

But what of it? asks the clergyman. It is the dictum of the New Testament, not of the Old, that we heed. "Read the fifth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians," was the triumphant declaration of a well-known minister at a recent meeting in this city. "Read the Bible." And we comply. We do read the Bible, but not as he, seeking a segregated monition to fit a case. We read it with understanding. And we inform him at the outset that St.

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Paul did not write the Epistle to the Ephesians. That might be considered a sufficient answer to his disingenuous demand. But we would not beg the question thus. We prefer to meet it fairly and squarely and submit it to the test of logic and comprehension. The solemn injunction appears in the first Epistle to the Corinthians and elsewhere. We will not now question its authenticity, and its explicitness is obvious. The words are familiar:

“Wives, be in subjection to your husbands.”

“The husband is the head of the wife.”

“The man is the image and glory of God, but the woman [alas!] is the glory of man [alone].”

“Let the women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but let them be in subjection, as also saith the law. And if they would learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home.”

There is no mistaking Paul's meaning. If his words be accorded a general application, they constitute a decree of virtual enslavement of all women to the end of time. But what was the basis of his admonitions? What reasons did he offer for enjoining the perpetual subjugation of women? Here they are:

“For the man is not of the woman; but the woman of the man; for neither was the man



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created for the woman, but the woman for the man."

"For Adam was first formed, then Eve."

So here we are again confronted by the missing rib. The legend from Tahiti is the ground and the only ground for Paul's command to women to be in subjection to their husbands. True, he bids men love their wives, and mercifully refrains from ordering women to love their husbands. They are required only to "fear" them. But the point is that Paul's direction cannot be separated from the tradition of the rib. Upon that and nothing else it depends absolutely. If you recognize the one, you must believe the other, from which it sprang. No additional authority is cited; none whatever is found in the teachings of Christ; none apparently exists anywhere. Now you can see why the wiser prelates hold fast to the legend of Tahiti, borrowed by Ezra the Scribe. Disavow it and you remove the very cornerstone of Paul's injunctions, and the whole structure of implied subjection falls to the ground.

But why did the enlightened apostle accept this version of creation in preference to the better-substantiated account which signified a basis of equality? For the same reason that Ezra incorporated it in the Book of Genesis—

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to meet an existing condition. Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee. He imbibed the doctrines of his sect from youth and in his works later, as he himself declared, "to the Jews," he "became as a Jew, that" he "might gain Jews." So he espoused the legend which conformed to the custom of the Jews. Here again woman was not placed in subjection by an inspired mandate of religion; religion was fashioned to hold her in the subjection which then prevailed, and thus, as Paul says, to "gain the Jews."

He went further. He recognized and confirmed the law of Israel which conferred upon a father the actual ownership of his daughter as property. To him that "hath power as touching his own will" was accorded absolute authority to give or not to give her in marriage. To give her was to do "well," but not to give her was to do "better." And Paul lauded spinsterhood and belittled motherhood. "Adam," he declared, with unction, "was not beguiled, but the woman, being beguiled, hath fallen into transgression." In that single phrase is the pith of Paul's attitude toward the women of Corinth and Thessalonica. He doubtless was sincere; he may have been justified; the conditions then prevailing may have been such as to

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require the application of the measures which he adopted. But times have changed. Not what Paul said then, but what Paul would say now deserves the greater consideration.

“Beware of dogs” doubtless was a timely warning to the Philippians; “drink no more of water” was likely enough good advice to Timothy; but it does not follow necessarily that we of to-day are expected either to shun faithful animals or to drink only wine.

To interpret moral and religious law with understanding and due regard for its application to changed conditions, not to misapply monitions meant only for a certain people at a certain time, is the true mission of our spiritual guides. Paul was the greatest of apostles, charged with a mighty task which he nobly performed. Would that God would send to us one equally enlightened as of to-day! Our need is not vain repetition of minute directions to the tribe of Judah or to the tribe of Benjamin. Nor can it be satisfied from words addressed to Corinthians or Thessalonians. What we want is an Epistle to Americans, charged with the spirit which made this the land of freedom, which struck off the shackles of the slaves and which some day will enforce recognition of the existence in every human breast of a right of individual lib-

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erty subordinate only to conscience and to God.

But "Thus saith the law." Not the law of Nature. No. Before Nature's eyes all stand alike—the multifarious plants, the herbs, the trees, the flowers, the conscienceless animals, male and female, are recipients in equal degree of her beneficent care, of her protection from heat and cold, of safeguarding instinct, of consideration and kindly feeling among men. Blessings and curses without distinction of sex are the endowment of all animate things except possibly those who, in the words of Newman, see with the eyes of the mind. And even as between humans, nature draws no line with respect to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Ability to achieve, capacity to enjoy, and inborn desire to do noble deeds are distributed share and share alike. To neither sex is bequeathed even an approximate monopoly of faith, courage, self-sacrifice or any of the virtues which are held in high esteem. We may not deny the perfect fairness of nature.

Nor, as we have seen, is there the slightest warrant, even in dogmatic legend, for asserting that, in this most important of all relationships, the law of God contradicts the law of Nature. Consequently, the law of Nature, which holds all

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animate things upon an exactly even basis of perfect equality, must stand. From every conceivable viewpoint woman's right to participate in governance is inherent, and, as such, pre-eminent, surpassing all minor prerogatives, transcending all other privileges—a truth as self-evident and as worthy of striving to sustain as is that which constitutes the crux of the American man's Declaration of Independence.

But should not the governing power be wielded exclusively by those who are able to fight and die for the nation, by the defenders who must and do bear the burdens of strife? That is the final question—the last word from the last ditch.

All resolves to an issue between war and peace, between barbarism and civilization, between Mohammedanism and Christianity. It seems, in the process of halting development, a cruel test, unjust, remorseless, and pitilessly unmerciful. For others I cannot speak. But for myself I accept the challenge. Shall I tell you why? Not many years ago, on one of the rare occasions that come to one whose time is filled, I found myself in the place of my birth, one of those little villages nestling among the hills of New England, one of those tiny cradles of liberty with which you may be familiar. It was

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in the spring-time, when the trees were beginning to show the fresh evidences of their life and the dainty buds of Nature were opening shyly to the sunbeams. On the day I arrived the little remnant of that portion of the Grand Army of the Republic had paid fitting tribute to their honored dead. The simple ceremonies were concluded. The beautiful memorial service had been rendered and all had gone when, as the sun was disappearing behind the hills, I found myself in the little churchyard. No stranger even could have failed to appreciate the nobility of the old town as his eyes fell upon the flowers here, there, and everywhere, betokening the unwonted number of lives that had been sacrificed upon the altar of unity of Nation and personal freedom. No son returning could have failed to feel a glow of pride, tinged with infinite sadness, that there lay the bones of a greater proportionate number of those killed in that awful war than anywhere else in the whole country.

I stopped by the plain stones upon which were recorded the dates of births and deaths of a family whom best I knew. A father and a son. "Killed in the service of their God and their country for freedom's sake," was the inscription. And upon the mounds rested the wreaths placed

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that day by the hands of their comrades who yet lived, yet loved, yet revered as brave men do love and do revere those who have perished in performance of duty. And close to this stone was another, also recording the time when the spirit passed away, but a few months later, from her who was the wife of the father and the mother of the son. And with her slept the child. Upon the stone was no inscription, upon the mound there lay no petals of the flowers of remembrance. Not unwept, not unremembered, but unrecognized and—shall I say?—unhonored—lay the mother and the child.

And I wondered as I stood there who do bear the burdens of war? Through the mist of years I could see the happening in that small hamlet at that dread time. I could hear as they heard the thunderbolt of Sumter sounding and resounding among those hills of Vermont. I could see the grim, earnest face of that father, the eager eyes of that son when the word came that their country called and slaves demanded freedom. And I could see that dry-eyed, bravely smiling mother, holding the child upon her shoulder, that this might be the last image left on their minds and in their hearts as they went away to the war and whatever fate betide.

The imagination could follow them without a

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blush. They were brave men. Into the clash and crash they went, members of the first brigade, always at the point of greatest danger, possessing courage without limit, hearts without dismay, eager to fight, willing and ready to die for the cause which they considered just and noble.

And turning to the other page I could see the picture in the window I knew so well. I could see the mother, her simple duties done, sitting in the chair upon which as a lad I had climbed, and looking, looking down the village street and waiting, waiting, waiting for the tidings of only what God had willed. In Virginia was excitement, comradeship, possible glory; but there by the little window was only helpless, patient, anguished waiting in the name of God, for love of country, and for freeing of the slaves. One could almost see the eyes of her who sat there begin to fade, almost hear her steps begin to falter while, through the unending days and months and years, she clasped to her bosom the prattling child and taught it the words to plead with the god of battles to save and not destroy. And then came the fateful message. Father and son gone forever. Memory only left. Look to the window now from down the village street and fathom, if you can, the depths of woman's



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soul, as with folded hands and broken heart she looks upon the child.

Yes. Who bear the burdens of war? Custom answers. Go stand in the churchyard of any village in this great land and read the answer on the stones. "In the service of their God," yes, "In the service of their country," yes; "for freedom's sake," nobly true. Not a word would we erase from that perfect tribute, not a flower would we take from that wreath of honor. But might we not all over the land do on next Memorial Day what I could not help but do on that Memorial Day—gather a few, a very few, wild blossoms from the brookside and place them tenderly upon the resting-place of the mother and child? Inscription? No. She fought in no battles. She bore no arms. No word had she to say, no act to do respecting need or cause. Hers not to reason why, hers but to give—to give all, husband, son, child, the love of her heart, the light of her eyes, the hope of her care, all, all, all that was on earth to make her wish to live. Hers not to reason why, hers but to give and die.

If it be true that God means that His children shall clutch at one another's throats to the end of time, then truly only those who can and love to fight should be permitted to pave the way.

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If broken limbs should transcend broken hearts, then women's voices should be stilled. But let those who feel thus take their fitting station behind the warring Mohammed. There is for such no place in the footsteps of the gentle Christ. God meant that for some inscrutable reason you women should suffer as you do and as men do. But simultaneously He implanted in every human breast, woman's as well as man's, the right to reason why. And if to-day the spirit of that brave man could speak from the unknown, I cannot but believe that it would say, "Stamp upon a single stone these words, 'For our God, for our country, to free the slaves, we died together.'" And so the words I would leave last in your minds shall be: Not to die in war unless it be a holy war, but to live in peace, in hope, in help to humanity, in love and care of children; so let true men and noble women live and work together.

### XIII

#### AN AMERICAN INDIVIDUAL

*Commencement Address to the University of Nevada,  
Dedicating a Statue to John W. Mackay*

HOW wondrous to the human mind seem the achievements of Nature as we stand to-day upon this vast plain framed by the towering peaks that mark the effects of her impelling force! Where else upon the face of the earth could a place be found better suited to lend impressiveness to the contemplation! The throbbing of the heart of the planet that produced this wonderful conformation we cannot even imagine. All that science has made certain is that thousands of years ago the plain was the bed of an ocean, whose waves lapped the shores now become those mighty mountains. From its waters were blown upon the sands the invertebrate creatures of the deep, to become the prey of the colossal beasts whose frames are still found from time to time embedded in the rock.

But Nature did not—she never does—for-

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sake her own. The instinct of self-preservation with which she had endowed her seemingly helpless children of the sea induced activities which produced, first, the vertebral and ultimately the mind, which has made man not merely the equal, but the superior of all living creatures. Archæology teaches us that this portion of our continent was the scene of the beginning of the human race. How far it had progressed when the waters receded none can tell. Seemingly Nature rested for thousands of centuries and then suddenly awoke to complete her task within hundreds. And it is a fact of importance and peculiar interest that, of the successive epochal episodes which constitute history, none has been more striking or produced a greater effect than that which revolutionized the character of this extraordinary region.

The story unrolls like a panorama before our retrospective vision. How short a time need we look back to behold the banks of this river dotted with the lodges of the lean and hungry Nyumas, while to the south the blur-eyed Wash-oes basked their lazy bodies in the summer's sunshine, trusting to the Great Spirit for protection from the bitter cold of winter. We can readily picture the springtime dance from dusk to dawn, but can only wonder at the sur-

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vival of even so few of those undeveloped successors of the children of the sea. And yet they remained in possession of this vast territory unknowing and unknown, except to an occasional wandering friar, until the hardy Anglo-Saxon explorer forced his way to the head waters of this stream and thence over the great llanos to the western sea.

Pitiful to the hearts of even those savage men must have seemed the sufferings of those who toiled beside the long lines of caravans plodding across the arid plains. None stopped except to die. "On to the promised land" rushed the thousands, heedless of the untold treasures beneath their feet, and leaving the stupid red men to fish and sleep and perish in squalor. But Nature, though dormant, had not perished. She demanded only the application of the magic of the mind and the courage of the heart with which she had endowed her sons. Like a thunderbolt came the discovery of the great mine, and there followed a transformation of scene such as the world had never beheld before. Again, as in a dream, we see an endless procession of eager men now retracing their steps to seek the fortunes which they had passed unheeding.

It would be idle to recount here the amazing

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story of that famous lode. We may only note in passing that the penalties exacted by Nature for triumphs in peace are hardly less severe than those required in war. The fate of Columbus, who discovered a continent only to lose its name and to die in humiliation, does not surpass in tragic interest that of the Pennsylvania minister's sons who perished in anguish while able to touch with their hands the richest veins of ore in the earth. As ever, it was the survival of the fittest. Of all those who stumbled over and from time to time during eight years owned the great deposit, monuments of but two remain in the names of a city and of a mine. Luck did not then and never does suffice. Inherited courage and hard-earned skill, supplemented by grim determination and untiring energy, constituted the basis of the great fortunes finally wrought out of the hills. Men of the highest stamp were essential to success, and men came—men of intelligence and resolution—men who, while working with their hands, could see with the eye of the mind and apply to their striving the fortitude of character.

It is not difficult to believe that the development of that blending of intelligence and conscience which we call character began among the cloud-encircled mountains. A dead level

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of landscape makes for like evenness of mentality. Monotony settles like a pall upon the germ of inspiration and leaves no hope of re-animation. From time immemorial sordid ambition has sprung from the lowlands and chivalry from the highlands. Just as the imagery of the Jews depicts the first law-giver as going up to the mountain-top to receive divine tuition, just as the Greeks portrayed Zeus as reigning from Olympus, so the German barons drew their strength and daring from the high forests and the Scottish chiefs theirs from the hills. The physical body may thrive as cattle fatten upon the level plain, but the soul of man feeds upon the grandeur of rugged eminence. To this superb environment may safely be attributed the evolution of characteristics which became and still continue to be peculiar to men grown among the Sierras. To the philosophic mind, therefore, there is nothing strange in the fact that the elixir of a new life quickly possessed the impressionable natures of youthful pioneers who came here to win or to perish.

Thus began an epoch in the history, not merely of a vast desert land, not even solely of a nation whose very life was conserved by the flood of gold and silver, but of the entire world, whose peoples have been brought into quick and

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helpful communication through the continued exertion of that dauntless spirit in whose memory this holiday was proclaimed and we are come together.

Again seemingly Nature rested, but not for long. She had injected into this somnolent region that Anglo-Saxon resolution which no obstacles can dismay, and this year, an exact half-century after the beginning of the golden period, dawns a new era—and a better and firmer because less narrow, less speculative, the product not of chance, but of scientific certainty. Congratulations by all means upon the recent discoveries of new storehouses of mineral wealth in the bowels of the earth, but praise and honor for the sagacity and determination now being manifested in making its surface bloom. Nature committed no error when she sent the winds from the Pacific to sift the silt from the hills over the plains. As when she stored and kept hidden for centuries the wealth of the mountains, so here she created a condition whose development awaited only the utilization of men's brains and energy. We stand upon the threshold of another epoch. Already has begun the mighty work of irrigation destined to transform millions of acres of desert into fertile meadows and blooming gardens. A Titanic



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task this, requiring the persistence and patience of scores of years; but what could be more worthy of the intrepid builders of this new land and of the hardy stock from which they sprang? Now that a beginning has been made, encouragement will not be lacking. Progress only, not completion, is essential. Wherever wheat and corn are grown and cattle and sheep are raised, mills and factories and railways are required and will appear as if by magic as needed—so that even within our time we may see this State of Nevada, no longer the little England she is to-day, buying her necessaries of life from others, but independent of all through diversified production.

It is not within our province to consider segregated political problems on this memorable occasion, but we may with propriety and emphasis direct attention to the vital fundamental fact that the success of America is a triumph of individualism. John W. Mackay could never have achieved power and distinction in a State held in communal bondage. Nor could any of the strong men of the West of whom he was a type. Possession of exceptional intelligence and manifestation of extraordinary energy count for naught if the incentive of personal award be withheld. However pleasing may seem the notion of all members of the human race par-

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ticipating share and share alike in its total product, obviously it is the theory of mediocrity which instinctively hates ability and invariably seeks undue advantage. The majority of men still lead automatic lives and contribute to progress only force, which serves no better than an idle engine unless directed.

History proves conclusively that the only hope of the mass is the development of able individuals. It has been said, and is probably true, that any existing nation would be atrophied by the withdrawal of ten thousand of its best minds. The inherent power of the multitude would remain for a time, but not for long, because disuse is the most potent agent of decay. France to-day is a nation of mediocrity, and is steadily declining morally and spiritually as a result of the expulsion of the Huguenots and the great convulsion which practically exterminated impelling mental leadership. Germany, on the other hand, is forging ahead by conferring exceptional rewards upon individual achievement. Our policy has differed from Germany's in that we have considered the affording of full opportunity, especially through primary teaching and even, as in this State, by compulsory education, as sufficient to incite the best endeavors of the individual. This is what we somewhat vaguely

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term the American theory, but however undefined in some respects, our people thus far have adhered to it with admirable persistence and we have no cause to feel ashamed of the results.

It is peculiarly fitting that we should touch upon the underlying impulse of our amazing national development on this occasion, because there could not be found a finer example of the effect of opening the door to personal initiative than was embodied in John W. Mackay. Brought by his parents to this country and left fatherless while yet a child, his sole inheritance was that blending of Scotch and Irish characteristics which has ever made for success. There is no need to depict at length the incidents which marked his early career. How, as a lad, while his form was still acquiring the sturdiness which subsequently became a noticeable feature, he worked for the pennies so welcome to the widowed mother; how, meanwhile, he struggled doggedly to master the details of a trade; how with keen foresight he quickly abandoned carpentry to study mining; how at the age of twenty he worked his long passage by way of the isthmus, and, arriving in California, toiled for years to earn the pittance necessary to maintain physical existence and to enable the

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prosecution of his practical study; how even in that arduous labor he demonstrated his superiority in industry by obtaining higher wages than any other man who worked in the mines—all this personal history is familiar and need be referred to only to indicate the completeness of preparation for the opportunity when it should come.

It is difficult to recall the name of a man in whose notable success chance played so small a part. No favoring Fortuna directed his steps to the mountain of gold and silver; no advantage whatever was his beyond that which himself had made by rigid application to details, theoretical and practical, which gave him the mastery of his pursuit. But that sufficed. Of all the thousands who swarmed over the wealth-laden hills, but one was fully equipped to perceive and grasp the great opportunity when it appeared; but one possessed the essential knowledge of craft; the resourcefulness to avail of its offering; the intrepid spirit to urge him on and on, deeper and deeper into the promising earth, while others were succumbing to impatience and despair.

Others there were who remained steadfast to the end and won their superb rewards, but none can rise from a perusal of the fascinating nar-

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ratives of that long period of mingled hope and doubt without realizing that his was the prescient, the inspiring, the resolute, the dominant spirit to which their faith was pinned. One who studies and weaves together the fragmentary records of that time can but marvel at the tenacity which made possible the achievement. And a glow of pride suffuses the faces of us all when we reflect that it was our country, our free and just Republic, that not only held open the door of opportunity to the lad from over the sea, but guaranteed by her laws and customs the permanent possession of all—whether thousands, millions, or if it had been so, billions—that skill and energy produced.

Would we have it otherwise now? After a century of successful demonstration of the wisdom of encouraging individual incentive and inciting creative genius by assuring full recompense, shall we permit ourselves to be led by fair-speaking panderers into the morass of mediocrity, which is now, ever will be, and ever should be, the abiding-place of a people who refuse to maximum of capacity the maximum of reward?

The lesson of John W. Mackay's life lies not in the wealth he acquired, but in the work he did. His was the true American spirit. Money

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was but means to an end. The millions he had won he risked without hesitation upon a project of world-wide dimensions and of incalculable benefit to his countrymen in facilitating communication and commerce. What had he to gain when, well in middle life, against odds which would have dismayed one less intrepid, he laid the foundation of the great cable and telegraph system which remains to-day the growing monument of his sagacity and determination? Of greater riches he had no need; for fame he never cared. That his great undertaking was philanthropic in the common meaning of the word, himself would have been the first to deny. There was no cautiously reasoned motive in his endeavor. It was no more or less than the instinct of a restive, rustless mind to utilize the store of energy within him in consonance with the spirit of progress which he had breathed into his lungs from the very air in which he had lived. And so he worked on and on, untiring, overcoming obstacles, succeeding from sheer force of invincibility and laying down the burden finally in the happy consciousness not only that his work had not been in vain, but that it would be carried to completion by him to whom he had confided his trust and consigned his obligation.

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Others here are far better qualified than I to speak of John W. Mackay in a personal way. I know him only as a type—a type of what I conceive to be the best of creative, producing Americans. Regarding him as such, we may well inquire why it is in these days, when it has become a common practice of the unsuccessful and envious to decry acquisition, if not indeed achievement, no voice has been raised against this man. The answer I believe to be plain. John W. Mackay had character. He never lied or cheated or, under any subtle pretense of any kind, deprived another of what was rightfully his. Of his generosity and personal kindness mention need hardly be made. Those are traits common to many who gratify self by giving. But, in duty to the youths of to-day no less than in justice to the man, too great emphasis cannot be placed upon the fact that the bases of John W. Mackay's success while living and unsullied reputation since dead may be summed up in a single word—integrity.

It is fitting that this beautiful memorial should be such as it is, and that it should be here. In honoring such a man this State and university honor themselves. In paying loving tribute to a memory so well worth cherishing, wife and son fitly unite. In keeping this dedication free from

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ostentation not uncommon, those responsible aptly recognize the simplicity which is ever the chief characteristic of strength, sincerity and truth. We may well believe and rejoice in the certainty that upon this occasion, memorable in the annals of the State and university, memorable to those whose hearts are still knit close to the great heart that has ceased to beat, memorable to all of us whose privilege it is to participate in the recognition of true worth, there rests to-day the blessing of that manly spirit long since passed away but never to be forgotten.



## XIV

### VERMONT AND PEACHAM

*To the Juvenile Library Association of Peacham,  
Vt., August 14, 1910*

A HUNDRED years is a short time in the history of the world. And yet much has happened in the century that has elapsed since the Juvenile Library was founded. Our country was then about to engage in a second war with Great Britain. It was an uncalled-for and fruitless contest, but from our own viewpoint probably essential to the definite establishment of the United States as an independent Nation capable of maintaining its position. Followed other wars, some now, like those with Tripoli and Algiers, all but forgotten. Came finally the inevitable civil strife which knitted irrevocably the bonds of union and incidentally freed the slaves. But we need not recount the episodes of a century. Those which were momentous are fresh in memory. By way of contrast, however, it is interesting to note that, while the

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population of the United States has increased from six millions to ninety millions since the Juvenile Library was organized, the residents of Peacham are actually fewer in number. The fact is in no sense discreditable. New England townships have constituted the seed-ground of the Nation. The great West has become the granary, not of this country alone, but to a considerable degree of the entire world. And Peacham has done its full share in supplying brain and brawn for the development of the whole. It has given to the Nation distinguished Representatives, to cities strong executives, and to communities its most sturdy and clear-minded citizens. In connection with this celebration, thoughts revert naturally to one resolute personality—Thad Stevens. To him belongs the credit, not, of course, of founding the library, but clearly of rejuvenating it. His bequest, greater in effect at that time than thrice as much would be now, imbued it with new life, awakened fresh interest among the people, and continues to this day a primary source of supply. Sixty dollars a year seems little, but already the aggregate has reached nearly three thousand dollars, and the period of beneficence has hardly begun.

It is a pleasing reflection that Thad Stevens

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made his bequest in loving memory of his mother, upon whose final resting-place in the little churchyard on the hill sleep to-night the "roses and other cheerful flowers" provided for all time in recognition of his gratefulness. So let us in laudable emulation, while paying due tribute to the great man, not forget the good woman. Her husband was a shiftless cobbler and disappeared from his home in Danville about 1812, leaving his widow penniless and his children destitute. Of the sons, Thaddeus was the puny one. Consequently, as the custom was then and may be now, he was marked for a collegiate career. With that purpose in mind his mother moved from Danville to Peacham, thus paying, in effect at least, the most notable tribute ever rendered to those sagacious men who took this academy in preference to the county buildings.

"The school then," says Mr. McCall, in his biography of Stevens, "was a very humble institution both architecturally and in its means of instruction. It had no large endowments, no long list of learned instructors, and no imposing buildings to strike the imagination; but its rude walls were thronged with pupils eager to acquire knowledge, and they made the most of the means at their command."

So they do now, I assume. In any case,

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Thad Stevens certainly did then, repaying to the full in industry and application the typical Vermont mother who withheld no sacrifice in pursuance of her intent to gain for her son advantages to compensate for those which Nature had not accorded him. Long years after he said of her: "I really think the greatest pleasure of my life resulted from my ability to give my mother a farm of two hundred and fifty acres and a dairy of fourteen cows and an occasional bright gold piece which she loved to deposit in the contribution." But he felt that he never had repaid her adequately, because in his own simple but eloquent and beautiful words "the debt of a child to his mother, you know, is one of the debts we can never pay."

God knows we never can. Such obligations are too sacred for more than simple reference. But we may upon occasion like this fittingly bear testimony to our appreciation of that which we owe by inheritance to the mother town and the mother State. Events such as this cause the thoughts and sensibilities, no less than the physical beings, of those of us who return for participation and renewal of acquaintance and friendship, to revert to hill and dale and woods and running brooks—to the home that was and ever shall be. And our little State has always

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been so rustic and shy, and her children continue to this day so modest and retiring, that I feel at times that both have been deprived of the recognition which is rightfully theirs. Unless you have changed the construction of school histories since my association with the educational system of Vermont, a youth taught here would grow up under the impression that Massachusetts and Virginia and New York constituted about all there was of this nation in its early days, and that all other communities merely trailed along behind. The truth is—and I weigh my words in all seriousness and am prepared to uphold the contention—the truth is that the record of Vermont as a resolute champion of individual freedom, as a true interpreter of our fundamental law, as a defender of religious faith, as an unselfish but independent and uncompromising commonwealth of liberty-loving patriots, is not only unsurpassed, but unmatched by any other State in the Union. That sounds like an exaggerated statement put forth to meet the demands of self-complacency. It is really no more or less than a proposition of plain fact capable of easy and conclusive demonstration. Not even the major points of differentiation could be summarized in the few moments available for such a purpose. But let us note a few.

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The essence of the demands of the Pilgrim fathers was individual freedom, from which was expected to issue and did issue religious liberty and political equality as represented to this day by the free State, the free Church, and the free school. But they comprised vastly more than that. These were not only God-fearing men, but law-abiding, law-respecting, law-upholding men. Second only in importance to divine worship was human statute. Second only to the Almighty of heaven was the judge upon earth. And they linked the two together from the very beginning. "You know," wrote John Robinson to the Pilgrims when they sailed—"you know that the image of the Lord's dignity and authority which the magistracy beareth is honorable in howmeansoever person." There was the core of their creed. Liberty first and always, but liberty under the law. Upon that rock the fathers laid the foundations of the mighty nation of to-day and the yet mightier nation of to-morrow. Many were the times, even in the early days, when the fidelity of the people to this vital principle wavered in some of the colonies before inherited craving of the pomp of rulers, but never for an instant was there such wavering in Vermont. Here she stood unrecognized, even unnamed, in those dark days

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preceding the Revolution, beset on all sides by enemies who should have been her friends, fighting for her very life—for the individual freedom of her people and for the protection of the property they had wrought from the unwilling earth and builded with their own tireless hands. And when the war was over, back to the ax and plowshare went those sturdy, silent men, only to be compelled to take down the rifle again to defend themselves against the neighbors whose freedom they had helped to win.

The story of Vermont during the succeeding fourteen years is the most fascinating ever written of any State. Surely history does not record an act more audacious than that of those determined men who not only set themselves up as a free and independent republic, but successfully maintained the integrity of their government against Congress, New York, and Canada by force of arms. There was good fighting in those days. That we can understand. But how can we account for the sagacity manifested by those untutored men who wrote into their fundamental law an eternal edict against human slavery? Nowhere else upon this continent had such a statute been enacted or even suggested. To Vermont, not as a vassal of Great Britain, not as a part of the United States,

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but as an independent republic, fell the honor and the glory of lighting the torch of universal liberty. Fourscore years later a large group of powerful States tried to fight their way out of the Union to quench the burning of the flame, and failed. But little Vermont, single-handed and unaided, raising the standard of political right and human justice, tried to fight her way into the Union, and succeeded.

And when the first test of the new government took place over the great question which subsequently plunged the Nation into civil war, whence came the clear note of liberty and union blended and indivisible? We may well believe that an administration grown so strong under John Adams as to venture estoppel of free speech became indeed a peril and merited stern resistance. We can even now feel the indignation of our forebears when their representative in Congress was arrested, tried, convicted, fined, imprisoned for violating the hateful Sedition Act. We can sympathize with the spirit which induced them to re-elect Matthew Lyon while he was still serving his term in prison. We can recall with satisfaction and pride the eagerness with which one thousand citizens contributed one dollar each to pay the fine imposed rather than accept proffers of money from all parts of



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the country. We can revel in the picture of that long line of sleighs stretching along the Great Otter all the way from Vergennes to Middlebury as an escort for the released patriot. All this and all else that they could do within the law to show their resentment they did, but no more. Not a step fell over the line marked by John Robinson in his letter to the Pilgrims.

On the contrary, when Kentucky and Virginia adopted resolutions asking the "co-States" to unite in suppressing unconstitutional action of the general government all of the States north of the Potomac based their refusal upon their approval of the Act itself. No, not all. All but one. Vermont flatly denied the compact theory of government, saying in substance:

"We have greater cause of complaint than any other. Our official representative has been humiliated and wrongfully punished. We as a State have been insulted. We have shown our opinion of the law, but it is the law, and we obey. Nor do we consider that the States as States have any right to attempt to annul a statute duly enacted by Congress. The people alone, through their chosen representatives, are empowered to uphold or repeal."

Here again was made manifest a clear conception of the principles underlying our dual

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government, here again was indicated a marvelous foresight of problems which were bound to arise and did arise, only to be determined by the arbitrament of the sword. How fitting it was that, three years later when a Congress had been elected to repeal the obnoxious statute and the choice of a President devolved upon the House of Representatives, Vermont was enabled to make that repeal certain by casting the one deciding vote that sent Thomas Jefferson to the White House instead of Aaron Burr.

If time permitted, instances of the sagacity of the elder statesmen of Vermont might be adduced almost without number. But it is not necessary. We know that she has never faltered, but has invariably led the march of progress, enlightenment, Christianity, and peace among men. And when she married the Union she married it for all time, and when the great crisis came she gave freely more sons in proportion than any other State—and this town of Peacham gave more sons in proportion than any other town—almost a tithe of all her people.

Pitiable, indeed, must be the spirit of one not proud to own such a town as his mother town and such a commonwealth as his mother State. Seated high among the beautiful hills, she still keeps alight the torch of liberty under the law.

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True as steel to the Union she has proven. True may she ever be! But it is not without a thrill of exultation that we realize that the flag under which we sit to-night is her flag, the flag of the free and independent Republic of Vermont, adopted by the same convention that abolished slavery, the first flag made in all the world that guaranteed universal freedom, the flag that was maintained for thirteen long years against odds that might have dismayed the heroes of Sparta, the flag untarnished, its blue and gold as pure as the gleaming snow which soon will rest lovingly upon the verdant hills, the fruitful meadows and the little churchyards about which there cluster memories so precious and so sacred that, like the storied Zion to the Hebrew singer of old, "her very dust to us is dear."

XV

THE PILGRIM SON

*To the New England Society of Pennsylvania,  
December 22, 1909*

WE Yankees are accustomed, on these occasions, to laud the Pilgrim father. Simultaneously we almost invariably express sympathy for the Pilgrim mother who had to live with the Pilgrim father. Some of us who have been most highly blessed voice at times appreciation of the Pilgrim daughter. Let us now consider for a few moments the Pilgrim son. Has he, in the words of the fathers, kept the faith? Has he, in the modern language which you will more readily understand, made good? And what, if anything differing from his present performances, must he do to be saved?

The Puritan idea is familiar. It sprang from the spirit of revolt against untruth. It was a denial of the right of one human being to lord over other human beings. It recognized the fact that what a monarch has the power to con-

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fer he has the power to take away. Yet it did not espouse full liberty. Its fealty was to law, not to the changeable statutes made by men, but to the immutable ordinances of God. Chief among these was the inherent right to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness which subsequently became the crux of the great Declaration. This right was the basis of government, not a concession from it. Out of the idea was crystallized our written Constitution which still happily stands for steadfast principle as contrasted with the necessarily shifting expediency of ordinary enactment. The inherent prerogatives of mankind therein set forth constitute to this day our only monarch, and the chief subject of that monarch is government itself. To a Pilgrim father now living loyalty to an individual would be a mere sentiment lightly to be heeded. But fidelity to the Constitution would be to his mind expression of conviction and of faith, to be held fast, as the bulwark of human rights.

This was the Puritan idea. It was new to a world that from the beginning had regarded government as the source and bestower of privileges rather than as a servant deriving its own authority from and with the consent of those governed. Obviously sagacious administration

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was essential. So the far-seeing John Robinson addressed the Pilgrims upon embarkation thus:

“Let your wisdom and godliness appear by choosing such persons as do entirely love and will diligently promote the common good, . . . not being like the foolish multitude, who more honor the gay coat than either the virtuous mind of the man or the glorious ordinances of God.”

Such the admonition to the fathers! How well has it been heeded by the sons? If results may speak, showing the greatest portion of well-being to the greatest number and greatest variety of races ever gathered together, the record need not shame us. Intermittently, it is true, we have installed a government of authorized caprice, one placing fickle statutes high above the fundamental law for the very reason that they do adapt themselves so readily to personal whims; one incapable of appreciating the Puritan principle that natural rights are absolute and that when government assumes the power of discrimination itself violates the fundamental law and merits castigation; one so vain and near-sighted as to hold loyalty to itself even more praiseworthy than loyalty to the Constitution, the supreme guarantor of all personal and political prerogatives; one heedless of

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the truth that the worst of despots is a class; one willing to discredit democracy by pandering to those who, like their progenitors from the beginning of time, wish to share the prosperity which they have not helped to create; one unable to understand that oppression of the rich for the benefit of the poor and oppression of the poor for the benefit of the rich are equally destructive of common liberty; one uncomprehending that to refuse the protection to property guaranteed by our fundamental law, even though it be ill gotten by previous generations, is like railing at the Almighty for sending rain upon the just and unjust alike; a government, in a word, embodying the exact antithesis of the Puritan idea and the very spirit of autocracy which drove that little company forth upon its pilgrimage.

Such an administration we had—under Jackson. Such doubtless our sons and grandsons—let us hope not ourselves—will have again. Well may we rejoice and be glad that we sit to-night under a magistracy, not of the spectacular nature suggested by Robinson's admonition against the gay coat so pleasing to the foolish multitude, but of the "virtuous mind of the man" who holds in reverence "the ordinances of God"; one appreciative of the fact that not only is this

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a government of laws and not of men, but that government itself is a subject and not a despot; one knowing that law is a growth and not a spasm; one aware that human nature cannot be remade by statute and that the State cannot hope to do effectively the work of the Church; one sensible that, while government may and should wisely limit the privileges of press, persons, and property for the common good, it must not and shall not violate the rights of either; that it may regulate, but not control; a magistracy fully awake to the certainty that no two generations are alike and that changed conditions require changed direction, but that all things should be done decently, in order and cautiously as befits a sober, prudent people, a magistracy whose head is a Pilgrim son imbued with understanding and love of Puritan principles directly bequeathed to him by the Pilgrim fathers.

Do we of New England ancestry believe this to be true? If so, where lies our duty? Time comes when carping and fault-finding greet the noblest efforts of every administration. To whom under such circumstances can a magistrate rightfully look for support and confidence if not to those who, while often disagreeing and honestly criticizing, are of the same mind re-



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specting fundamentals and steadfast in the faith of the fathers? To whom if not to us has a Pilgrim President the absolute right to say, Uphold my hands in all good works and in all well-meaning so long as I safeguard the basic law? Hear what Governor Winthrop said:

“There is a liberty of corrupt nature, which is inconsistent with authority, impatient of restraint, the enemy of truth and peace, and all the ordinances of God are bent against it. But there is a civil, a moral, a federal liberty, which consists in every one’s enjoying his property and having the benefit of the laws of his country; a liberty of that only which is just and good; for this liberty you are to stand with your lives.”

Mark the comprehensiveness of the definition and the sharpness of the distinction. The difference is that which lies between faulty man and immutable truth, between love of expediency and fealty to principle, between the power of physical force and the weight of noble example. The task of the Pilgrim fathers was to clear the ground and sow the seed. That of the sons is to keep the fields free from tares till they shall become, in the words of the beloved disciple, “white for the harvest.” To that end let strive the spirits of unity, tolerance, and

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fraternity in aid of a Pilgrim President, who clearly has resolved—whatever else betide—to reconcile a nation. Loyalty to such a magistracy is no mere sentiment for an individual; it is fidelity to human rights sunk deep in the heart of the Puritan idea and written by master hands into our inviolate Constitution. For this liberty and this duty, Pilgrim sons of Pilgrim sires, you are to “stand with your lives.”

## XVI

### THE CITY TITANIC

*To the St. Nicholas Society of New York,  
December 7, 1908*

THERE is a curious inappropriateness in my venturing to respond to the toast assigned to me this evening. I am a countryman, not a citizen, and must speak, in consequence, as one virtually alienated from the true inwardness of urban existence. But, as a farmer, accosting you on behalf of my fellow-grangers, my instinct prompts me to inquire primarily, Why were cities made? Why were they permitted to exist? Populists distrust them, politicians deride them, poets disdain them. If only Cowper's "God made the country, and man made the town" demanded notice, a certain complacency might be derived from contemplation of the handiwork of humankind. But when Cowley declares with bitter truth,

"God the first garden made, and the first city,  
Cain,"

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the contrast becomes too explicit to pass unheeded. True, the beginning of our troubles continuing to this very day and generation was in the Garden, but the first of wicked cities was builded in the land of Nod, and we may not deny that it bore the name of Enoch, son of Cain. If the chroniclers had taken more pains and supplied us with detailed information, many are the lessons which we might have derived from the experience of that ancient village. But the records, alas! are incomplete and inconclusive. All we know of a certainty is that the most prosperous citizen of Enoch was Tubal-Cain, the iron-master, who, we may assume, favored the maintenance of a high tariff so long at least as the industry continued to be infantile. Graft there was in Enoch, we may be sure, and a Tammany and reformers and all other concomitants of urbanity. A wicked city, Enoch! Else, in common fairness, it would not have been deprived of its place on the map when the good farmer Noah set sail for unknown regions.

But are not all cities wicked? Assuming as much, kindly have regard for the embarrassment felt in responding to such a toast as mine. Elsewhere the task would be easy. Before my fellow-grangers of the New England Society or the Illinois I might depict our city as others see

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it, with condescension and levity, as a place suitable chiefly for the ostentatious expenditure of money unostentatiously earned, whose Great White Way contrasted with the narrow pasture lane illustrates the difference between the vapid vanities of urban existence and the solemn grandeur of simple country life.

But such discourse would be unbecoming here. You are real citizens, as your ancestors were before you and even before the nation. Your society of the beneficent saint is the one strong, continuing distinctive society of the city, pledged to preserve its traditions, to fitly recognize its glories, to defend and uphold its honor. And how much to that end could truthfully be said that is so seldom spoken! Much we hear, and gladly, of the courage of the Pilgrim fathers, the chivalry of the Southern cavaliers, the gracious humanity of the Quakers of Pennsylvania. But, lest we ourselves forget, let us not ignore the historic facts that it was the Manhattan Dutchman Van Corlaer who first recognized the human rights of Indians and, by his demonstration of good faith, won the fidelity of the great Iroquois tribe which ultimately gave to this region the supreme dominion and civilization of the English race; that here upon our island was fought the first battle with the royal gov-

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ernors to establish the essential rights of self-government; that twenty years before tea-leaves floated upon the waves of Boston Harbor a New York public journal raised the inspiring cry, "No taxation without representation"; that this was the first city to demand the repeal of the Stamp Act and lay the foundations of a Colonial and Continental Congress; that long before Patrick Henry thrilled the Virginia Assembly with "Give me liberty or give me death" Francis Morin Scott, of this city, uttered the precise declaration with no less emphasis and determination; that two full months before the massacre in Boston the battle of Golden Hill was fought and the first patriots' blood shed in the Revolution ran red in the streets of New York; that within the boundaries of the colony dominated by our city the Stars and Stripes were first unfurled by Heaven's breezes.

These are a few of the historic glories of which our city may not boast in captious spirit, and yet may not be unashamed. How fascinating and perhaps useful, if time permitted, it would be to trace the record on and on through the many crises of our Nation even to that of 1907, when you and your neighbors formed a solid phalanx behind your first citizen and averted a financial cataclysm which, if unprevented,

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would have wrecked more homes and broken more hearts than any Western war of recent times.

Why, then, has this our greatest city become the most maligned? Has New York really ceased to be? Is there only Wall Street? And is Wall Street itself naught else than a den of iniquity, the abode of thieves and scoundrels, insensible to the impelling force of patriotism, actuated solely by sordid, selfish, and even criminal motives? So thousands and hundreds of thousands of naturally honest minds have been led to believe—aye, this and more; no less, in fact, than that the country itself is all virtuous and that the city is all vicious. The picture has been painted by ruthless hands, guided at times by wilful ignorance, but too often by keen intelligence. We know—and why should we not say—that the picture is a lie. We know that Wall Street is the equal, if not the superior, in integrity, in fair dealing, in honesty of purpose, of any financial center of the world, that the bases of the success of our great banking-houses are intelligence, training, courage, and the American spirit of industry, borne on through successive generations; but that underneath all, upholding the entire fabric of our great financial institutions, unsurpassed throughout

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the world, is character. Chicanery, cunning, and fraud exist here as elsewhere—in the speculations of the city no less than at the auction-blocks of the country. But how quickly are they detected, and how swift and sure the punishment visited upon the offenders. It is not too much to say with certainty and with truth that no bank or banker can continue to do business in this city for a single day after suspicion has been grounded that his word is not as good as his bond. Then what is the cause of the malignity manifested against our city? Is it truth or is it politics? If the former, God save us! If the latter, let those responsible bow their heads in shame.

What, we are sometimes asked, has our city done that she should be recognized? Rather what has she failed to do that she should be discredited? Who, if not her sons, have in the past twenty years made the great railways of the West equal in efficiency to those of the more populous East, and given to the South the arteries of commerce which have added billions to its resources, turning waste into fruitfulness and poverty into wealth? Whence, if not from this city, came the money and skill which made possible the producing of the millions of tons of ore from the bowels of the



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earth? From what force, if not the creative energy of this city, has sprung the development of natural resources which has made America the commercial mistress of the world? "What hath God wrought!" was the first message over the first telegraph wire. "What hath not man wrought?" is a question which might well now be pondered. And where to-day live the men who have wrought their full share for their country if not upon this small but mighty island?

"Our City"—careless, with the carelessness of greatness, of her fame—here she stands upon the rock of granite, the wonder of the world. By day her restless millions are animated by the electricity of her very atmosphere. By night her myriad lights nod from her huge hives of active brains and her high towers rise, like graceful specters, amid the enveloping glow of the magic fluid.

Here she stands upon the rock of education and of conscience. No unknown god of Athens would here confront the great apostle. Faith is manifest in her multitude of churches; love of God's creatures in her playgrounds, her hospitals, her unnumbered charities.

Here she stands upon the rock of character—heedless, with the heedlessness of confidence, of

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aspersions upon the integrity of her sons, glorying in their insistent energy, palpitating from their daring. All honor to the splendid Westland, the backbone of the Nation; all love for the spirited Southland, rising as Phoenix from the ashes of despair; all reverence for the Pilgrims' land, the cradle of religious liberty! But here, here is the mighty heart that sends the blood of progress tingling through the veins of the giant of Commerce and makes America the arbiter of the destinies of the world.

"Our City?" No, not our city, nor the city of the East, nor of the Nation. She belongs to the world. Her harbor is the gateway of civilization. Her beacon-light gladdens the hearts of the millions who seek the promised land. Her arms are outstretched in welcome to oppressed human beings from all corners of the earth. Her gift is opportunity, her glory that she typifies to all the great, free Republic, within whose boundaries each may crown his individual striving with the laurel of individual achievement, and secure by his own endeavors the comfort and happiness of those intrusted by his Maker to his care and human love.

So may she ever be, true to her traditions and

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ideals, not the city sordid, not the city golden, not even the city beautiful, but the city Titanic in appearance, the city splendid in promise to humankind, the city glorious in fulfilment of the design of Almighty God!

## XVII

### LORD NORTHCLIFFE

*To the Pilgrims' Society of New York, November  
5, 1907*

OF the many students of natural history and democratic existence who have visited our land and returned to register their observations of our material upbuilding and our spiritual shortcomings, none has uttered a phrase more apt or more pleasing than the investigator from Sweden who declared that what charmed him most was the "bright, intelligent faces" of the American people. It was a compliment, of course, but obviously, even though somewhat laboriously, sincere, and being human, happily or otherwise, we frankly need not deny our relish of that particular brand of flattery. I might, indeed, I think, without trespassing too severely upon our distinguished guest's unbounded good-nature, direct his attention to the scores of "bright, intelligent faces" which confront him this evening. But it would be most unbecom-

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ing to venture thus far, especially before a representative of a race noted for physical attractiveness, merely to adduce living evidences of pulchritude, however numerous and striking they may be. Underneath and justifying an expression savoring so strongly of self-satisfaction must lie a motive of significance, a purpose of moment and reality.

Such, in fact, there is in my allusion to our Swedish commentator's most acceptable observation. If it be true—and who here would make denial?—that American faces are distinctively "bright and intelligent," we may rightfully, I think, conclude, or at least cheerfully admit, that our countenances are illumined by what has been termed the American spirit. Now, what the American spirit is I cannot say, and I certainly would not attempt a definition on an occasion like this, when there are mingled with it the effervescing spirits of other lands. Nevertheless, it does exist as a species of restless energy, inherent and unceasing, constantly urging humankind up and along the path of progress and achievement. No American has a better understanding or keener appreciation of this peculiar nervous, mental force than our guest of the evening. None has attached to it greater value; none is

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more thoroughly imbued with it; few have profited more handsomely from its unremitting exercise.

And yet he is a Briton—yes, a Briton in every fiber of his being, devoted to his country as he should be, and honored by it as he should have been and will continue to be—a Briton, I hope I may say without implying invidious distinctions, free from prejudices. But, though so born, I trust that he will not take amiss my saying that he grew as an American grows. He inherited brains, to be sure, but so do we all to a greater or less degree. The difference is that he fed his by using them. All else than this one priceless heritage—wealth, power, distinction, honor at home and abroad—he has won by his own endeavors unaided except by those drawn as by a magnet to a sentient, throbbing personality. That is why I say that, though born a Briton, he has grown as an American.

But, except for courtesy's or friendship's sake, it is not Northcliffe the individual who concerns us, but Northcliffe the type, the living indicator of the fundamental truth whose recognition has made great every Anglo-Saxon people. The success of Lord Northcliffe is a triumph of individualism, an exemplification of the wisdom of conferring upon the maximum of ca-

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capacity the maximum of reward. It could never have been achieved in a State held in communal bondage. Like brains and like energizing forces doubtless are stored in the heads and hearts of thousands of human beings whose environment holds their possessors as with bands of steel in the clutch of mediocrity. The incentive lacking, the spirit refuses to exert itself and disuse performs its inevitable function as the most potent agency of decay. If the individual accomplishment of but one man, even this man, were at stake there would be comparatively little cause to give heed to the growing Socialistic tendencies in both England and America. But vastly more than the success of one or of scores of hundreds or thousands is concerned. The future of the entire human race is in the balance.

The lesson, sir, I would draw from your notable success is stern resistance of un-English and un-American tendencies whose fulfilment would render impossible like achievements by others in the future. Grave responsibility accompanies great power. You are at the beginning, not the end, of a career. Few, if any, during the next score of years will have better opportunity to influence their own and other countries. May your perception ever be keen

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and true and your determination never falter. God give you a continuance of the strength, sagacity, and courage which thus far have enabled you to overcome all obstacles and become what those of us who know you well know you to be—the Prince of your profession.

Gentlemen, we have not met to bury Cæsar. I leave to others the pleasing task of praising him. But in asking you to pledge his good health and great happiness, I cannot resist the impulse to bear testimony, derived from a long period of helpful friendship, to the breadth of mind, the kindness of heart, and the sweetness of disposition which have enabled Lord Northcliffe to make of himself a truly noble man.



## XVIII

### DAYS LIKE THESE

*To the Bankers of New York, December 12, 1906*

“DAYS like these.” It is a fascinating topic, but impossible. There never were days like these, for these be times both parlous and paradoxical. The most conspicuous feature is an overwhelming prosperity which is revolutionizing perspectives. People used to think in thousands and hundreds of thousands, then in millions. When they reached the hundred-million point of consideration, with an occasional furtive glance at the billion mark, the horizon became too wide for human vision and optical illusions ensued. Then trouble began, and will continue until the human mind shall expand in proportion.

Second only to this marvelous transformation and blinding necessity has been and is now the hysteria resultant from an abrupt awakening of conscience. Thomas B. Reed once remarked that the thing that impressed him most in

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Theodore Roosevelt was the intensity of his enthusiasm over his discovery of the Ten Commandments. It was a witty observation, as keenly appreciated by the object as by the maker, but it epitomized the general situation now confronting us. The needed wave of righteousness which arrived, as it always does in this country, at the requisite moment, has become a torrent. Indeed, following the trend of a recent period it has even evolved a trust, a close trust, a sequestered group whose members correspond in number and pretensions to the tailors of Tooley Street. It is unnecessary to mention their names. They are familiar. They are kept constantly in evidence. They are blazoned one by the other from the lighthouse of publicity. They are It. And It has an absolute monopoly of conscience and morals. It hides nothing under a bushel. It is noisy. It is certain. It recognizes but two colors. It is white. All else is black.

The entire outside world comprising eighty millions as against the half-dozen members of the integrity trust are depraved. You are all scoundrels. You may not know it, but you are. The integrity trust has so decided, and there is no appeal. But there is hope. Indeed, there is no escape from hope, for the trust is grimly

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determined that you shall be reformed. You are in the position of a man suspected of having appendicitis. If you have money enough to pay the surgeon, you must have your appendix removed whether you have one or not.

In days not like these men were presumed to be innocent until proven guilty. They were even supposed to be honest until they had demonstrated otherwise. Not so now. The presumption is the other way. And it no longer suffices for one to *be* honest. He must holler about it; and if he hollers loud enough the exploitation of his virtue may win admission to the trust itself. For others who are shy, or inherently incapable of making their honesty notorious, there is no hope of either immediate recognition or ultimate salvation. In a word, we behold to-day the marvelous spectacle of blatant probity yawping out its gizzard from the pinnacle of flatulent self-appreciation.

Time was when at least the ministry and the judiciary held the unconscious respect of the community. If occasionally unworthiness developed in a member, the gown or the ermine was stripped from his shoulders and the pulpit or the bench was delivered from contamination. But the integrity trust has remedied all that. It has reversed the old method of seeking the

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offender and casting him out. It denounces *en bloc*. The procedure is simpler, less difficult, less likely to invite swift retribution in the event of mistake and therefore infinitely safer. This is good for the trust. Is it good for the community?

You bankers and trust company officers know what faith is. It is the only collateral upon which you ever made a loan. It is the sole basis of every bond and every share of stock that your companies possess. Eliminate confidence and you extinguish security. Destroy faith and you create anarchy. Business men know that, and if it be true in a restricted sphere, is it not equally certain in a broader sense? Faith is the basis of our Nation. Faith *is* our constitution, and its handmaids are beliefs in the fidelity of constituted authorities, but most poignantly of all—of the judiciary. Deliberate injection into the minds of the people of the insidious poison of distrust of that bulwark of our liberties would once have been regarded not only as unpatriotic but as a dastardly act.

So, too, in other spheres. Must an insurance official whose judgment may have erred in the safeguarding of the interests of his policyholders necessarily be classed with one who has enriched himself from their savings? Has the

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power of discrimination forsaken us entirely? Must the eighty millions of outsiders creep humbly in the wake of the shrieking integrity trust and wreak its condemnation upon the entire body instead of upon the offending individual?

In days not like these sorrow, and sometimes even pity, attended the downfall of presumed uprightness. Not so now. The trust has changed that too. "It is a fine morning," said the Englishman; "let us go and kill something." "It is a dull day," says blatant probity; "let us go out and crucify a character." And it not only seeks with diabolical skill a reputation to blast, but once blasted it sinks into its wolfish fangs and gloats over the result of its fiendish act. No regret there for the breaking of another good name; no pity there for the seared souls of mothers and daughters. Emblazoned virtue stands triumphant upon a pedestal of broken hearts and awaits only the dawn of another day and a fresh victim.

And the world looks on shocked and terrified but non-resistant. Modest integrity, fraternal tolerance, Christian forbearance, skulk into their corners, praying only that the modern Frankenstein of indiscriminate assault may look the other way.

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This is not the true American spirit. To put down wrong, yes. To condemn the wrong-doer and cast him out, yes; but patiently, soberly, discriminatingly and with infinite sadness. There do come times when it is the unmistakable duty of American manhood to stand squarely upon its feet, and let daylight through the bleating bladders of hypocrisy, cant, demagoguery and humbug. This, sir, is one of those times.

## XIX

### THE CIVIL ENGINEER

*To the Engineering Society of New York, January  
12, 1907*

I FIND my cue this evening in an episode with which doubtless many of you are familiar. Early in the Civil War General Frémont sent for an engineer, who was told, when he arrived at the War Office at the appointed time, to wait. Instead of doing so, he scribbled on a card, "John Roebling has no time for waiting." And so I suspect it is so with you engineers generally. Your profession is so exacting, your moments are so precious, that you have no time for waiting. If anything is coming your way, you want it when you want it, and, as Englishmen are wont to observe, you particularly like to "have it ovah." The little I shall have to say, therefore, will neither be prefaced by introductory observations nor punctuated by anecdotes designed to please but not inebriate. If, in fact, I can induce consideration of a single reflection bear-

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ing upon what seems to me the curiously interesting relationship of your profession as a developed science to your distinguished guest as a developed personality, my purpose will be fully achieved.

Engineering, as I comprehend it, is the exercise of skill in utilizing the forces supplied by nature. We regard it and speak of it at times as creative, and so it is in a comparative, though not in a positive, sense. As contrasted with literature, for example, which is the interpretation, or surgery which is curative, or law which is regulative, or even theology which is assumptive, or revelative of a force unseen, engineering adduces the plainer evidence of possessing the power of origination. But strictly speaking it does not create, for the simple reason that human beings are not endowed with the creative faculty. They can do no more than reproduce, imitate, adapt.

Evolution even as depicted by Darwin, Spencer, and Drummond is nothing more than development of a force, whose origin or even form cannot be determined by human reason. Whether it is of nature, itself imperfectly defined, or of divinity, whose recognition is dependent upon faith, has long been and doubtless will long continue to be a moot question. But from what-



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ever viewpoint we regard the subject, there can be no doubt that there lives in every normal human nature a divine quality which takes the form of hunger to create—not merely to achieve, but to originate, to bring into actual being. And it is the appreciation and constant feeding of this inherent craving that makes for progress, civilization, and refinement.

Engineering is commonly regarded as a science of materialism. Such I suspect, from my study of his admirable works, would be the definition of the philosopher (Andrew Carnegie), in whose honor we are met this evening. Surely it would be surprising if it were not, since it was in the great university from which he must have derived his early intellectual inspiration and of which he is now the lord rector that the theory of Utility in Education germinated. "What other measure is there of dignity in intellectual labor but usefulness?" was the query of the famous Edinburgh Reviewers which startled the world. "Looking always to real utility as our guide," became their motto, and the lord rector can tell us whether it has continued so to be to this day.

The doctrine, though clearly defensible, has never impressed me as sound except in part. For reasons which of course find no call for ex-

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pression on this occasion I feel it to be deficient in comprehensiveness. In any case, I am confident that neither the learned Reviewers nor the present lord rector, if he really be of their opinion, would deny that the theory might be at least supplemented to advantage in practice. You engineers design and build a great bridge. You rejoice in the service it will render. You glory in your achievement, as you should. But whence do you derive your real satisfaction? From your honorarium? From the reputation you acquire? From the foreseeing of future advantages to be reaped therefrom? No! These are substantial gains affording ample reason for congratulation. But the real thrill of your heart springs from beholding with your own eyes the gossamer threads of your imagination realized in great cables and bands of steel. Back of the real is the ideal. The actuality is no more than a mere physical expression of that creative longing which is sunk deep in the finest part of your nature, and sings with the joy of a Beethoven over its realization. This is why, it seems to me, your profession is of the noblest—because it makes for a blending of utility and beauty, of service to man, of tribute, if we may say so, to the God within ourselves.

The atmosphere of our land is laden with

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electricity, which in turn induces manifestation of energy. None other is so well adapted to the development of a profession or of a personality—a fact readily demonstrated by mere observation of the superlative strides in this country of your calling, and of the constant increase in the number of strong individuals. The laird himself could not have achieved so much elsewhere. Not that he would have been a failure anywhere. The seeds of success were planted in his brain. At a dinner given in his honor the other evening the menu card bore a picture of his birthplace, and I was interested to note that, even at that early age, he had the sagacity to be born on a corner lot. There was foresight for you, and prudence, too, such as he has utilized to material advantage since. It would be obviously trite to dwell upon the personal achievement of one who has made for himself a position, till now at any rate unique in the history of the world, even by way of illustration. But I cannot forbear alluding to one effect of environment, American environment, upon the nature of this personality. That is a passion for work. I work because I have to, and so doubtless do some of you. He works because he cannot help it. That is one habit that has mastered him, and, judging from what

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I have seen of his most trying example both here and abroad, he works harder and more hours a day now than ever before. One unaccustomed to writing, for example, can hardly appreciate the amount of actual drudgery required to collate and compress the mass of information requisite to the making of a single book or even a single article such as we receive at intervals from his painstaking pen.

This habit of work is the direct product of environment. But environment itself constantly changes, and the effect of such transition is quite as apparent in a personality as in a profession. At this dinner to which I referred, for example, it was plain that the laird's thoughts are wont to stray from earthly to higher things. The fact was painfully apparent to me because he intimated in a general way that, for good and sufficient reasons, I might not be permitted to join him behind the pearly gates. There was no ground whatever for such apprehension, but he seemed to think there was. I could have rejoined promptly that if no other way offered I might sneak in under the wing of Saint Andrew. But that is not necessary. I have a way of my own—not on my deserts, as with him. No; there would be little chance that way. It is as one sorely tempted that I

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shall apply, and this will be my plea: that when I contemplate the number of sins, agreeable ones, too, that I might have committed, I stand, in the words of Lord Clive, amazed at the moderation of my indulgence. We shall meet, sir, never fear.

If I am right in depicting your calling as peculiarly a blending of the real and ideal, then heed should be given to the fact that there is demand for the exercise of those qualities in the affairs of the Nation. The one truth I would drive home is that concentration of purpose in a given pursuit is not incompatible with attention to broader interests, and that there was never in the history of our country a time when the mindfulness to public questions of thoughtful men, embodying to a rare degree practicality and theory, real and ideal, was a more pressing necessity than it is to-day. And my one purpose has been to demonstrate succinctly but logically that the inevitable consequence of thus supplementing your specific work will be a broadening of yourselves. If so much as an atom of impression should ensue from my endeavor I shall feel that the parallel which I have adventured somewhat timorously between a developed profession and a developed personality will not have been drawn in vain.

## XX

### TO HIS MAJESTY THE CZAR!

*At a dinner given in honor of Mr. Witté and Baron  
Rosen, at the Metropolitan Club of New York,  
September 12, 1905*

*Your Excellencies, and Gentlemen :*

THE memory of man is proverbially short. Prosperity and contentment induce oblivion in the very human mind. Lest we forget: We too, in common with the great nation whose distinguished representatives have honored us with their presence this evening, have had our wars. When first we demanded our freedom we were not only comparatively helpless, but we seemed to be friendless. The mother-country, as she was then and is now in a modified degree, acting in consonance with the custom of the period, could see no reason for spilling the blood of her own sons while mercenaries could be had for hire. Instinctively her eyes turned to the populated East, to friendly Russia, which had

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at that time, in the language of her own Prime Minister, a sufficient number of troops under arms and to spare to trample the rebellious American colonists under their feet. Never was a requisition made by a king with a feeling of greater certainty of fulfilment than that of George III. upon the splendid monarchy of Eastern Europe, and never was there experienced more angry disappointment than that of the confident ruler when he received from the great Queen Catherine the cold response that it ill became two powerful nations to join forces to quell a justifiable revolution unsupported by a foreign power. Upon that rock of fairness, justice, and humanity the great queen planted the imperial banner, and there it has remained in friendship, sympathy, and helpfulness through all the trials that have come upon our own beloved country to this very day.

Again, lest we forget: Whether or not the United States of America, acting through its universally supported Chief Magistrate, has conferred a benefit upon Russia in facilitating peace at this time, her effort was based upon a precedent, which not only justified its making, but should and does stand forth in our recollection as a vivid illustration of the continuance of the kindly feeling manifested in our war for inde-

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pendence. When, in 1813, the young Republic, again harassed and all but overwhelmed in its second great struggle for life and freedom, there was in the whole world but one monarch willing to hold forth a helping hand, but one ruler ready to hazard the fortunes of his own empire upon a proposal of voluntary intervention. It was the Czar of Russia who, with equal courage and determination, blazed the way for Theodore Roosevelt.

Once more, and finally, lest we forget: Within the living memory of many around this board, when the Republic, then become great, was torn asunder by civil strife and seemed to be at the point of dismemberment and likely prey for the vultures of envious nations, one splendid fleet of armored vessels came sailing through the Narrows to this threatened city, while yet another was passing through the Golden Gate of San Francisco. Those ships were the messengers of Russia to America. Their mission bore no taint of selfishness. Sympathy, friendship, and, if need were, practical assistance were the cargoes consigned in those vessels by the Russian Empire to the American Republic.

Can we hope ever to repay those mighty obligations? Probably not. But there do come times when we may at least indicate our appre-



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ciation, and this is one of those times. We are honored to-night by the presence of the representatives of that great empire whose fidelity to our interests has never wavered, and, please God, may be everlasting. It would not be seemly in us now to venture judgment upon the merits of the terrible controversy which has just reached its conclusion, but we may go so far, and the whole American people so comprehensively represented in this room to-night will go so far as to assert that the parchment upon which secret treaties are written will crumble into dust ages before the fires of deepest gratitude and true fraternity can be extinguished.

To your Excellencies, Greeting. Greeting from the great white Nation of the West to the great white Nation of the East. Gentlemen, his Majesty the Czar!

## XXI

### ATHLETICS

*Dedicating a Field at the University of Nevada,  
December 14, 1909*

CUSTOM, declared Montaigne, rules the world. Stronger than kings and princes it surely was then and stronger than any monarch, or even any popular government, it surely is to-day. It creates and interprets laws. It *is* the British constitution. It is the root of the application of our own. It lifts up or bears down peoples. It makes and unmakes standards. But custom changes. Else evolution would be unknown, progress would be stultified, civilization would be stifled, and Christianity would never have become a living force.

What, then, constitutes the basis of the mobility of this most potent agency? Not solely, of course, but to the largest extent discernible by the human mind it is environment. Beautiful surroundings engender love of the beautiful and distaste of the ugly. An atmosphere of harmony

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induces appreciation of music. A community dominated by culture and conscience develops in the minds and hearts of its youth refinement and ideals. A happy blending of mental and physical endeavors engenders that finest of all human attributes—character.

To effect such a consummation is or should be the chief purpose of a university, the high aspiration of those responsible for its direction. Hence the satisfaction which all here feel to-day in the addition of a course of instruction which tends to completeness. It is not merely that the exceptional opportunities now provided will attract a great number of students. That aspect is not to be ignored or despised. But it is by no means the most vital in the ultimate or the most important in the immediate.

This splendid field and that beautiful building make environment—the foundation of custom which shapes characteristics. Physical development? Yes. By all means. Seldom do we find a sane mind in an unsound body. But it is the moral atmosphere of the gridiron, the baseball field, and the track that gives to the American college graduate the clear eyes, the clean hands, and the strong heart to go forth into the world and make his fight with perfect fairness and the keenest sense of personal honor. The

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characters of the thousands who come here in future years will be actually formed in those buildings and on this field. The crude understanding will quickly learn that it is ignoble to lie, to cheat, or to achieve victory by any means whatsoever except merit attained through legitimate inheritance of talent and unflagging industry. And if the lesson fail at first to reach that crude understanding as essential to the innate self, how quickly will it be driven home as an obligation to others! Many a man has dishonored himself who would have spurned the thought of discrediting his friends, his home, or his native land. So here at the games no less than within the walls will be emphasized and instinctively absorbed the certainty that every man is responsible to his associates and to his alma mater, that when he wrongs himself he shames them. And he goes forth with their honor in his keeping as his team's honor was in his keeping while upon this field he was playing the game with no less scrupulous regard for equity than for rule.

Such is the effect of the association and environment from which springs the custom which makes and unmakes standards. So it is good that we are here to-day for the purpose that has brought us together. It is good for the uni-

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versity, good for the young men of Nevada, good for the generous man who proves his fealty by his works, good for citizenship, good for civilization, good for the Christianity which slowly but surely is making this world more wise, more tolerant, more worthy of its Maker.

## XXII

### HAVE WOMEN SOULS?

*To the Women's University Club of New York,  
January 16, 1909*

THOSE of you who are not near-sighted may have observed that, instead of hazarding a title in acknowledging the introduction of which I am the grateful recipient, I made only what I am pleased to consider a graceful obeisance. The differentiation, I may say, should be attributed not to my innocence, although I admit that to be firmly established, but to ignorance which ought not to exist. I take for granted that experience and custom have evolved an appellation as rigid as could have been fixed by the laws of the Medes and Persians, but, knowing it not, I must confess to a certain degree of restiveness whenever I find a lady in the chair. To address her as Chairman seems too brusque. Chairwoman I once thought might do, but was fearful that, in my nervousness, my tongue might slip and I

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should say "Charwoman," which would have overwhelmed me with confusion. "Chairlady" also I felt bound to discard because it sounded too much like "Saleslady." "Presiding Officer" possessed a certain dignity, but was too forceful a reminder of a police commissioner.

A similar difficulty confronted me upon my first visit to England, when I was wholly unfamiliar with the intricacies of familiar usage of titles, and when the abrupt use of a surname seemed to me as appropriate as "His Lordship" in speaking to a servant of an earl. I finally solved that difficulty by beginning conversation with whomsoever I happened to meet with the simple, expressive, and by no means inelegant, word "Say." Even that I found difficult of application in this instance, for fear of giving the impression that I might think I was addressing a violinist whose name, like Wagner's music, is said to be better than it sounds. Fortunately, at the last moment I had an inspiration, and I beg you to note carefully the deftness with which I now make acknowledgment to your presiding genius.

When, a fortnight ago, I was informed, kindly but firmly, that I was to have the inestimable privilege of communing with the most thoroughly trained intellects of Vassar I am compelled

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to say I experienced no sense of fear or apprehension. It is with sincere contrition that I am driven by a regard for veracity, which in recent years has come to dominate my nature, to admit that I stand before you unafraid, unabashed. Indeed, as I look about the room and see the familiar "I-wonder-what-he-is-going-to-talk-about-I-hope-at-least-he-will-be-amusing" expression on so many doubting faces, I begin to feel quite at home, and peculiarly so when I realize that, whether or not there is safety, there is certainly comfort in numbers.

There was one point in the process of the negotiations, however, which was and still continues to be most trying. I was told that I was to select my own topic. Experience had taught me the disadvantage of this arrangement. It is a very poor parrot who cannot repeat words respecting any given subject from the moon to Camembert, but in doing so there is always present in the mind of the one making the endeavor the satisfaction of at least a division of responsibility for the result. The condition under which I am striving, on the other hand, leaves absolutely no room for excuse and little basis for hope. An ideal topic is, of course, half the battle. For it, I beg you to believe, I searched earnestly, but in vain. Following, as



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I supposed, the line of least resistance, I let my memory run over things said of and for women by and to men in gatherings not dissimilar from this. It was with great cheerfulness of spirit that I contemplated the possibility of turning a very neat point by plagiarizing the observation of Mr. Choate, who first evoked great applause and won many hearts while addressing a British audience in a great hall surrounded by galleries filled with ladies by saying that at last he understood the remark that man was created a little lower than angels. That seemed and still seems to me a most apt and effective, not too subtle, compliment, but it is plain that here it would fall under the ban of hateful realism.

Then, again, there arose the natural suggestion of working out some gracefully modulated moral lesson—none, of course, that would be too strenuous or involve any particular hardship, but just sufficiently sadly serious to make a tentative impression upon sensitive hearts. This was a peculiarly attractive idea, because really there is nothing easier than the elucidation of uncomfortable principles for observance by others. But when I reflected, with regret, that my chief present personal satisfaction is derived from reminiscences of what my respected parents have assured me was a boyhood by no means

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devoid of sinfulness, the authoritativeness of such an utterance did not seem likely to win sufficient unanimity of recognition to accomplish notable results. And I thought of the usual inane toasts relating to women, under which men have suffered so patiently so many years after their own feasts. I tried to work out something of a sentimental nature, which I might begin with a touching reference to "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." This failing from lack of verity, I tried something satirical, like: "Here's to our wives and sweethearts. May they never meet!" But the very absurdity of lamenting the occurrence of an incident necessarily so full of interest and excitement rendered reflection upon such a toast both false and futile.

Then "bridge" occurred to me as a topic of exceptional and almost universal interest, but when I considered that of all present who may have been tempted from their happy firesides by this fascinating occupation the beginners know it all, and the practised players have learned barely enough to discover the depths of their own ignorance, the difficulty of being truthfully complimentary constituted an insuperable obstacle. I thought of divorce, but that is a topic that must be approached with such deli-

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cacy before a gathering of unknown ladies that the attempt seemed unwise.

Race suicide leaped into my mind as a timely theme having official sanction, but when I reflected that a distinguished professor of Yale once insisted that the only effective remedy is polygamy I shrank back affrighted from the undertaking. The American fireside has in the past induced quantities of heartfelt eloquence and tearful sympathy, but this, too, was of necessity abandoned when I contemplated the amount of unhappiness that lurks around a fireside whose chimney does not draw; and when I recalled further that the days in which we live have become so modernized that it has become necessary to change the very name of that familiar newspaper of our youth, *The Fireside Companion*, to the *Christian Register*.

Marriage, too, has ever possessed a peculiar interest, at least for those who have not experienced it; but what if by chance, in the presence of some who may have been twice wedded, I should happen to repeat the observation of Disraeli, when told that a friend was about to take his second wife, to the effect that it was only another instance of the triumph of hope over experience? Or, indeed, if in dilating upon the necessity of devoting oneself to

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noble seclusion I should have chanced unwittingly to recall the same cynic's remark respecting the proposal of a spinster acquaintance to take the veil that only when woman ceases to fascinate man does she turn to God? You will readily perceive, therefore, the reasons why, despite my appreciation of the opportunity to inculcate a deep and abiding moral lesson, I felt impelled by the restrictions of unhappy veracity to sacrifice my earnest wish upon the altar of an inherited Puritanical spirit and invite your attention to a question which is now agitating curiously the intellectual women of my own wicked city—namely, Have Women Souls? The quick and natural rejoinder, of course, is:

Why not ask, Have men? At the first glance the two questions seem to be analogous. Really they are not, for the reason that their respective answers must be found in evidences deduced from facts and beliefs which are not only wholly different, but also from an exegetical viewpoint are substantially unrelated. To raise the question of the possession of souls by men is to make the issue between Buddhism and Christianity. By the former such possession is denied; by the latter, of course, it is asserted and made a primary tenet of faith. Clearly a demonstration of the correctness of the Buddhist theory would

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leave no room for the query under consideration respecting women, because the Buddha made no distinction of sex whatever. On the other hand, acceptance of the Jewish idea with respect to men does not necessarily include its application to women because of the contradictory teachings set forth in the sacred books from the very beginning with regard to sex relationship.

While, therefore, inquiry into the inherent condition of man might possibly be made with profit, you will readily perceive that it is quite different from the present question whose consideration is necessarily circumscribed by the boundaries of our own faith. For the present purpose, then, we may accept the Biblical dictum that men do possess souls, even though not always, as bid, in patience, and pass on to the query respecting women. For answer we naturally go first to our preceptors in religion, but we return with only an assumption and a feeling of depression that assertion should be so frequently regarded as argument. They would declare with concordant impatience, if pressed, that of course women have souls, and that it is absurd, if not indeed positively sacrilegious, to suggest a doubt to the contrary. And yet, with like unanimity, they teach that woman is not

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the equal of man in the possession of inherent rights, but is and was designed by God to be his subordinate and subject. Here is a seeming paradox, for the reason that it is impossible to imagine the existence of a right inherent, as contrasted with a privilege bestowed, except as an attribute co-ordinate with that higher consciousness which, for lack of a more specific term, we designate as souls. The two qualities are linked irretrievably, each being obviously pre-eminent and transcendental, an integral part and essential element of the entire composition, absolutely unalienable, with or without the consent of the holder, and universally recognized as an endowment from a power higher than falls within the comprehension of man.

Wherein, then, lies the demarcation as between the sexes? Nature recognizes none. Before her eyes all stand alike—the multifarious plants, the herbs, the trees, the flowers, the conscienceless animals, male and female, are recipients in equal degree of her beneficent care, of her protection from heat and cold, of safeguarding instinct, of consideration and kindly feeling among men. Blessings and curses without distinction of sex are the endowment of all animate things, except possibly those who, in the words of Newman, see with the eyes of the mind. And even as

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between humans, nature draws no line with respect to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Ability to achieve, capacity to enjoy, and inborn desire to do noble deeds are distributed share and share alike. To neither sex is bequeathed even an approximate monopoly of faith, courage, self-sacrifice, or any of the virtues which are held in high esteem. We may not deny the perfect fairness of nature. But, except to the religious unbeliever, this fact, significant though it is, is not conclusive, for the simple reason that science, the interpreter of nature, penetrates only through evolution and stops bewildered and uncomprehending upon the threshold of creation.

Here faith takes up the thread and leads us to the voices—the voices of unnumbered religions which presume to speak in varying tones immutable truths. With the expressions and dicta of all of the scribes of sacred books from Confucius to Joseph Smith we need not concern ourselves. Indeed, to many consideration even of the legends out of which has grown our own dogma will seem idle and fruitless. But since our inquiry relates not to all humankind, but only to one of the two sexes comprising humankind, the need of searching and analyzing authority for the assumption that woman

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is and was designed by God to be inferior and subordinate to man becomes apparent. What, then, says the Bible?

The Book of Genesis contains two distinct and contradictory accounts of creation. According to the first, commonly known as the Elohist, the elements were brought into being in the following order: Water, land, vegetation, animals, humankind—male and female; according to the second, or Iahovistic, in this order: Land, water, man, vegetation, animals, woman. The Elohist recital, contained in Genesis i : 27, is as follows:

“So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them.”

“Male and female.” He created at the same time, in the same manner, and without advantage of precedence, declared or implied, to either. At the beginning they were equals in the eyes of the Creator.

The subsequent or Iahovistic Narration, in the second chapter, however, contains the divergent account which the clerics by constant reiteration have made more familiar, thus:

“And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh thereof.



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And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man."

This is the version accepted and adduced with emphasis by those who hold that it was the deliberate intention of the Creator to make woman a subordinate and subject of man, and who insist that when she sets up a claim of equality she violates a divine ordinance. They make no attempt to controvert the Elohist recital; they simply ignore it, and act upon the assumption that the second account is the true one for the quite simple reason that in their judgment it should be. Physiologically, no evidences of the correctness of the theory remain in man, but theologically it is held to be as sound as if a rib were really missing from every masculine frame.

But modern Reason differs from former Superstition—in that it cannot and will not accept from even the highest authorities mere dicta unsupported by proofs. In determining between contradictory accounts, it demands access to the sources of information and the right of independent and unprejudiced analysis of facts established by Science. Pursuing that course in this instance, our first inquiry relates to the origin of the Book of Genesis as a whole, and

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our second to the relative merits, with respect to authoritativeness, of the two opposing versions.

That the first book of the Bible is a composite production is evidenced by its many inconsistencies and contradictions, of which the opposing accounts of creation are perhaps the most notable. If one version were inspired, obviously the other could not have been. As a matter of fact, none of the books of the Pentateuch is ascribed to Moses in the inscriptions of the Hebrew manuscripts or in printed copies of the Hebrew Bible. Nor are any of them so described in the Septuagint or Vulgate, but only in our modern translations. The best authorities among the Jews themselves agree that the actual authors grouped their laws around the figure of Moses, and associated them with his name because the people always thought of him as the great lawgiver and would give heed more readily to whatever was supposed to come directly from him.

Before the Babylonish captivity, which began 586 B. C., Israel had no sacred writings other than a few insignificant pin-pricks upon leather. The only method of transmitting information was by word of mouth, and in this way beliefs, traditions, and laws were passed on from father

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to son through successive generations. But, despite the attendant difficulties, the sayings were repeated with such care and precision that their growth from century to century has been determined with extraordinary accuracy. The account of creation made its first appearance about 700 B. C., shortly after a considerable number of colonists from Babylon and Persia joined the Israelites, taking the places of those who had been captured and taken away by the King of Assyria. This knowledge and the further curious and striking fact that no reference whatever to the Pentateuch is made in the other books of the Old Testament, gave rise to the opinion that the story in Genesis was conceived after the making of the other laws, legends, proverbs, songs, etc., and that it was of Babylonish origin.

This theory was greatly strengthened by the discovery that the meager account then made current for the first time was amplified materially by Ezra, under whose direction the *Book of Origins* was prepared while the Jews were held captive in Babylon, but strangely enough it was not fully confirmed until 1872, less than forty years ago. It was then that George Smith, acting for the British Museum, unearthed from the ruins of Nineveh the famous Chaldean

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cylinders. The true source of the Biblical account of creation was then established beyond any reasonable doubt. The cuneiform inscriptions not only proved the existence of the story in written form long before it could have been known by the Jews, but afforded further evidence that its antiquity as tradition was even greater. So much for the origin of Genesis as a whole.

We come now to consideration of the relative importance of the two contradictory accounts of creation. The Chaldean cosmogony, from which the story was taken and amplified by Ezra and his associates, is identical with the Elohist version which declares male and female to have been created simultaneously and equal. Turning to the legends still more ancient, we find the Persian and Parsee narrations in substantial accord. The Zend-Avesta has the same order of creation as the Elohist version, and the Bundahish recounts in greater detail how Ahura Mazda first created a single androgynous being with two faces, separated later into two personalities. This doubtless is the basis of the Jewish tradition to the same effect in the Targum and Talmud. The ancient Etruscan legend differs only in making the creative period six thousand years instead of six days. The

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Hindoo tradition corresponds to the Hebrew Scriptures with respect to the temptation and fall, but, like the Egyptian, has no account of creation.

The inhabitants of Madagascar were taught that the first man was made from the dust of earth, but the only ancient legend fully corresponding to the Iahovistic version in the Bible was found among the Tahitians. "After Tarao had formed the world," we read, "he created man out of araea, red earth. Tarao one day called for the man by name. When he came, he caused him to fall asleep, and while he slept, he took out one of his ivi, or bones, and with it made a woman, whom he gave to the man as his wife, and they became the progenitors of mankind. The woman's name was Ivi, which signifies a bone." This seems to be the origin of the name Eve, although in the original, literally translated, it is Life.

As between the two versions, we find a great preponderance of legendary authority in favor of the creation of man and woman upon a basis of equality. Why both versions were incorporated in the *Book of Origins* continues to be a matter of surmise. The most rational explanation yet suggested is that of the latest commentator, Dr. Leonard Courtney, who in his

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admirable book, *The Literary Man's Bible*, published last year, lays stress upon the fact that the position of woman was much higher in Babylon than in Israel, where she was admittedly inferior, originally the property of her parents, then of her husband, and at all times prohibited from religious worship. The conclusion is obvious—namely, that while Ezra considered it necessary to adopt primarily the theory maintained successfully for thousands of years by all of the more enlightened nations, it was also desirable to incorporate the legend from Tahiti in order to preserve the *status quo* in family life. The contradiction was of comparatively little importance, as the Book was never expected to reach the people, but was designed solely for the use of the priests, who were thus afforded an opportunity to choose between doctrines, as occasions might require.

Certain definite conclusions may now be drawn: (1) That the Book of Genesis as a whole was not inspired, but was derived from Babylonian, not Egyptian, sources; (2) that legendary authority in favor of the Elohist version with respect to both quantity and quality is overwhelming; (3) that the sole basis of clerical assumption that woman was created from man's rib to show her inferiority is a solitary legend

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incorporated in Genesis to maintain an existing and clearly unjust custom; (4) that there exists no warrant whatever in the account of creation for asserting that, in this most important of all relationships, the law of God contradicts the law of Nature; and (5) that consequently the law of Nature, which holds all animate things upon an exactly even basis of perfect equality as to the possession of all attributes, must stand.

Why, then, were the women of Israel held in a state of virtual bondage and treated as property even to the time of the captivity only a few hundred years before Christ? Where did the governing powers find justification for maintaining such a system, since, as we have seen, it did not lie in the original intent of the Creator? Where, if not in the common law, could they have found it except in specific statutes? So we turn to the Commandments, assuming for present purposes their inspiration, as we have already assumed the possession of souls by men, and discover immediately that they were written for men and apply to men exclusively, except in so far as indirectly, through the agency of men, certain minor duties are imposed upon members of their households, and even here the full responsibility devolves upon the head of the tribe or family.

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There is no recognition in the decalogue of the possession of souls or inherent rights by women. On the contrary, the fact that they are regarded by that fundamental law exclusively as property, in common with oxen and asses, and that they continued to be so regarded in practice to the beginning of the Christian era, bears a practically irresistible implication that they were not endowed with the higher consciousness or any other innate attribute. The mitigation of their deprivation lies, of course, in their own complete immunity from punishment for infraction of any of the Commandments through the placing of the entire responsibility for their conduct upon the head of the family. Because in those days all women were supposed to marry and there was no limit to the number of wives a man might have, there was no pressing need, apparently, to consider unwed females as a class. And yet, since some must have continued in a state of spinsterhood, I have sought diligently for a provision to meet their case. I am sorry, but thus far I have found none whatever.

The early evidences respecting the possession of souls by women then are divided thus: Under the law of origin or creation, confirmed by the law of Nature, the question must be answered



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in the affirmative. Under the statutes promulgated by Moses, which continue equally in force to-day, the response must be no less certainly in the negative.

Clearly a definite conclusion as of the present day can be reached only through a careful study and analysis of the new interpretation which first found specific expression in the third century of the present era. This would involve primarily painstaking analysis and consideration of the relative merits of the claims of the Buddhists and Essenes as to their respective influences upon the various precepts which now constitute our guidance, and as I have already taken up an undue amount of your time I must be content with this inadequate presentation of the results of a mere preliminary study and pass on to yourselves the privilege of continuance of research and reflection looking to a final demonstrable judgment.

## XXIII

### ESAU

*From Harper's Weekly*

WE trust that the spirits of those whose manifestations of merit and virtue while living have found recognition in these columns will not take it amiss if we say a word about Esau. He was called Esau because he was big and hairy and not disdainful of an occasional mess of pot-tage. Not that he was a glutton, like the Boston bull. Far from it. He was as dainty as the most exquisite lady and was scrupulously honorable in his methods of acquiring nourishment. One of his eyes was brown and the other was blue. This gave him an appearance which at first sight seemed almost uncanny, but when one had become familiar with the disparity, it was curiously attractive. He was not very brave. That is, his courage did not exceed that of the average human being. And it was because he was really so much like folks, we suspect, that everybody liked him and laughed and shouted joyously, "Hello, Esau," whenever he came

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galloping across the lawn or even over the flower-beds. Although naturally intelligent and easily taught to keep at heel or round up imaginary sheep, as his remote ancestors rounded up real ones, he could never seem to realize that flowers were not grown for his special delectation. His strong liking was for gardenias, probably because they are bright, and he used to make his bed among them. The gardeners never fully approved of this habit, and would have reprehended the practice by anybody else. But Esau—well, Esau was different. After the manner of heedless young humans, such as are wont to throw stones at bald heads, he would bully the old collie who had lost her teeth, but his attitude toward the real boss of the kennels was always propitiatory. Just like everybody else who is naturally proud without being destitute of common sense, he would not pick up a rubber ball or stick, even though he reached it first, if he happened to hear the boss coming up behind him. He would suddenly see something else somewhere that attracted him more, and would dash off into space so earnestly that a stranger would hardly suspect that he was only pretending. He pawed the flower-beds so constantly that his feet were always soiled, but when he jumped up so unaffectedly glad to see you

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and put them on your shoulders you never thought of complaining, because there was a depth of affection in those one brown and one blue eyes such as is seldom given one to see in this world. If he could have talked, probably he could have indicated what ailed him in time, but he could speak only through the mirrors of his great heart, and it was the utter helplessness of both himself and those about him that was most pathetic. So there was nothing to do, and his eyes grew dimmer and dimmer, until finally the light disappeared entirely. . . . We have said rather more than we started out to say about Esau. The excuse must be that when we happen to look at the place worn in the grass under the apple-tree where he used to lie, and recall him tensely awaiting the word to come, with eager anticipation shining from his blue and brown eyes, and his stump of a tail just waiting to wag, we have to go away rather quickly to keep from envying a certain little girl whom also he loved and who, being a girl and little, was permitted by the conventions to cry when she heard that Esau had had to die.

THE END



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